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Selections.

STAND BY THE PRESIDENT.

[Extract from an Address, by Rev. CHARLES G. AMES, delivered in Cincinnati, March 6.

Two years ago, I trusted Abraham Lincoln with trembling. To-day I trust him without trembling, but with a growing belief that God has gathered the power of twenty million of freemen into the right arm of a single man for no unworthy purpose. If he will only fulfil his pledges and follow up the work he has so well begun of "saving the Union in the shortest way, under the Constitution," we shall all be ready to join in the acclaim, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" and posterity will weep tears of gratitude over the tomb of one who accomplished a greater work than Washington.

Citizens! as true Union men, it is now an important part of our work to frown upon the slanderers of the Administration, and to enlighten and correct a public opinion which those slanderers have bewildered and perverted. We must go before our countrymen and say, Let us stand by the President of the United States, as he stands by us! Let us give him men and money, and generous sympathy in his trying duties, and words of cheer through whatever days of darkness and disaster may yet await the Republic. Let us be free to speak words of counsel, and of criticism; but always with a view to help and strengthen, and never with a view to hinder and embarrass. Let us *count that man a public enemy who would break the force of any blow which is meant to crush the rebellion, or who would weaken the arm of any officer who strikes at treason.*

But our natural impatience has made us unjust. The government needs not only men and money, but *time* also, for the performance of a great work. No war goes fast, especially where the operations are extensive. Great armies watch each other for months, hoping to secure favorable combinations or desirable positions, by various strategic manœuvres. Our fathers fought eight years to secure a beginning for our national existence; and we never reproach them for paying too high a price for our liberties. We have fought less than two years. Are our patriotism and pluck and courage so soon played out? Surely, the fortunes of war thus far have not been against us, that we should now lay down our arms. We have fought over a hundred battles, and have driven the enemy within much narrower limits. *We have lost nothing; we have gained much; and we hold all we gain.* We have acquired, and still maintain, strong positions on the Atlantic coast, and on the Gulf, giving us a base of operations in North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana and Texas. We hold Fort Pulaski; watching the entrance of Savannah. We control the Mississippi, except at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, although sixteen months ago it was in the hands of the rebels from its mouth nearly to St. Louis. We have taken New Orleans, the metropolis of the South; we occupy the capitals of two of the seceded States; on the sacred soil of Virginia, Norfolk is again ours, and Fortress Monroe is our great military and naval depot. Every considerable force of rebels has been driven out of Missouri, Kentucky, Arkansas, Western Virginia, and a large part of Tennessee; the heroic Rosecrans has a well-appointed and hopeful army of a hundred thousand men far down in the heart of the enemy's country; Washington is safe, and all is quiet on the Potomac!

Besides all this we have maintained, along the extended coast-line, a blockade so effective that every nation under heaven has been compelled to respect it; a blockade which, coöperating with our land forces, hugs the Confederacy like an iron band.

While the credit of the South must be rapidly wasting, we have a masterly system of finance, under which we can triple our enormous public debt without dangerous depreciation. Every one of our State governments is in good running order; the constable with his writ, is respected in every Northern village; the courts of justice are unimpeded; no school house is shut up; nearly all branches of industry are alive and thrifty. Men lash themselves into a fury, and talk like fools and maniacs about the "despotism of the Lincoln government," and then they put in bids for Federal contracts, and ask for commissions in the army! The new and important questions of constitutional law which have been suddenly sprung upon the government, under circumstances requiring speedy action, may or may not have been wisely decided; but in very rare instances have these decisions operated to the inconvenience of any except those who have forfeited the right to complain—men who ought to be hanged, but who certainly could not be expected to feel

"——the halter draw
With good opinion of the law."

But why am I at such pains to vindicate the Administration? Because confidence in our rulers and leaders is one link in the chain of our national safety; and because it is the weakest link, and our cunning enemies are trying to sever it, so that we may all fall down together in one general ruin, while bloody treason triumphs over us. We must be saved through coöperation with the Administration, or not saved at all. Even you who do not regard the Administration as entitled to so much confidence as I have here bespoken for it, must allow that, the weaker the government is, the more the people must do to strengthen and sustain it. No possible good can come from divisions and distractions; we can only succeed through unity of action; and there can be no unity except on the basis of supporting the constituted authorities. No change of President is possible for two years to come; and *two years is time enough to lose our cause*, either through that foreign intervention which is encouraged and invited by our foolish quarrels with the Administration, or through the disgraceful surrender of our armies, which may be discouraged, broken up, and perhaps starved, for lack of a suitable moral support, a continuous reënforcement of new troops, and that supply of their wants which must come from the people at home. *Before another President can be elected, the Confederacy may be recognised and established, as the first power on this continent, unless we prevent it by a united and unfaltering support of the present President of the United States, in whatever war policy his convictions may require him to adopt.*

If *this* policy fails to unite us, what reason is there for supposing that we shall be able to unite on the policy of a successor, chosen amid the din of armies and the storm of maddening passions? It is appalling to think that any considerable portion of the people of the North may be either so blind or so unpatriotic as to risk the ruin of the Republic for the sake of carrying an election, and restoring their political party to power. And yet, the attempt, for partisan purposes, is now being made to alienate the nation's confidence from its own patriotic standard-bearer, by an unscrupulous and wicked system of slander; and this too in the face of an armed and powerful foe! Do the men who made James Buchanan President so soon forget that the country was involved in its present disorders through the criminal folly and pro-slavery servility of their own statesmen?—or why is it that they have so far lost all modesty as to claim for their party and their public men a monopoly of administrative wisdom? To me, it is a minor question by what man or men, by what generals or statesmen, by what party or policy, my country be saved, if it be only truly and wholly *saved.* Perish parties! perish personal ambition! perish poor private interests and preferences! —but God save the Republic!

And the Republic *will* be saved! The blood of our brave soldiers is not to be shed in vain; but it shall wash out the nation's sin and shame. There is to be no great Slave Empire to darken and damn the continent for ages; there is to be no divided and warring people; but there is to be "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." The tides of patriotic enthusiasm are rising again, with ever resounding swell, like the voice of many waters and mighty thunderings. The kingdom of heaven is at hand; Babylon is falling; the old serpent must die. A sad waste of grave-clothes, the old fogies will think it; but Lazarus must come forth. Much tearing, and wallowing and foaming of the patient! but the devil must come out. The Great Rebellion writhes, and rages, and threatens, and spits fire; but One stronger than the strong man armed has taken it in hand. There are terrible scenes yet to come; ponderous burdens yet to be borne; agony on agony to be endured; angry tempests to sweep the sky; but, as the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, this land shall be redeemed and our children shall eat their bread in peace. With tears and songs will they honor the memory of the wise in counsel and brave in fight who carried the Republic through its great peril, and strangled forever the mighty Demon.

ONE STEP FURTHER.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

SOME men maintain that any rebel State, once reinstated in the Union, may afterwards, by statute, reënslave those blacks who have been freed by the President's proclamation.

Doubtless this is a mistake. No lawyer will doubt that just the *only persons* whom such a State could not enslave, are her former slaves. No doubt, under the old Union, any one of the original thirteen States could establish slavery between her limits—perhaps any one of the States could do so. Now, if the old Union comes back, any rebel State admitted to it could, by statute enacted conformably to her own constitution, enslave any of her whites or all her hitherto free blacks, but not one man held as a slave within her limits on the 1st day of January last.

Let us show this by the briefest argument.

1st. On the 1st day of January, 1863, the President proclaims that all slaves within certain limits are free, and shall thenceforward be free. He pledges the Union to maintain their freedom. This is essentially A LAW OF THE UNITED STATES.

2d. Suppose that, on one theory, the old State of South Carolina should be reinstated; or, on the correct theory, *a new* State of South Carolina should be admitted into the Union, and afterwards enacts a law enslaving all the blacks within her limits.

3d. Suppose some negro who was a slave there on the 1st day of last January is seized under such law. He is brought by *habeas corpus* before the Supreme Court of the United States, and alleges:

1st. That he was a slave in South Carolina on the 1st day of January, 1863, and set free by the President's proclamation of that date.

2d. That such proclamation is essentially *a law of the United States*, and as such comes under the 2d Section of Article 6th of the United States Constitution, enacting that "this Constitution, and *the laws of the United States* which shall be made in pursuance thereof * * * shall be the SUPREME LAW of the land, * * * anything in the constitution or *laws of any State* to the contrary notwithstanding."

What Court, holding the President's proclamation to be constitutional, could refuse to set the man free and hold such State law inoperative as to him? Surely no one.

But, since influential persons even now maintain a contrary doctrine, it is possible that on some future occasion a profligate party might be gathered on such a platform. Besides, the enslaving of two hundred and fifty thousand (250,000) blacks, now in the South and for many years free, which would be legal and not at all improbable, would be a momentous evil. Hence the necessity of providing against such disastrous contingencies. We are dealing with barbarians, and should obtain all possible guarantees.

To this end the people should remember that the same "military necessity" which authorizes the President to emancipate slaves, also authorizes the government, through its appropriate Departments, to *abolish slavery*, to put an end to the system in all the States, now and forever. This end, to be reached by an act of Congress, was much discussed, in private, during the last session, and received nearly unanimous approval. A bill for this purpose, drawn up by that far-sighted statesman, R. Dale Owen, was very thoroughly scrutinized and widely approved.

Let the people fix their minds on this point, and go forward to claim, not merely the emancipation of slaves, as was done on the 1st day of January, but the annihilation of the system itself, in all the States—both Border and Gulf States. No pause till this goal is reached!—*Independent.*

THE WAR AND ITS OBJECTS.

[Extract from a Speech by Hon. W. D. KELLEY, of Pa., in the U. S. House of Representatives, Feb. 24th.]

THE gentleman from Ky. (Mr. Mallory) for his own purposes would teach the people of the South, and especially of the Border States, that the objects of this war have been perverted, that it is no longer waged for constitutional ends or by legal means. He says truly that the sense of this House was expressed in the resolution of his venerable and distinguished colleague (Mr. Crittenden), and adds, that the spirit of that resolution has been abandoned. Sir, while it was hoped and believed that there was some lurking patriotism among the controlling minds of the South, and that they might be influenced by a conciliatory spirit, we were all willing to accept peace and a restoration of the Union as things then were; yes, waiving our right to take advantage of the great wrong that had been committed, and overturn the institution that instigated it, we said to them "come back and all the past, even to this moment, shall be forgotten." How delusive was our hope! What was then is not now. Since then 200,000 of our brave countrymen sleep their last sleep in Southern soil, and over the graves of these murdered Americans I never will shake hands and bow and beg pardon of their murderers; nor will the American people. We cannot have indemnity for the past, but we demand and will have security for the future.

I am for exercising all the rights and powers of the government in this behalf. I am, as I believe the majority of the House is, for eradicating wherever it may constitutionally do it that poison, that subtle poison that engendered this rebellion—which made those graves. The gentleman says that the friends of the Administration no longer march to the music of the Union, that they dance to the music of Greeley, Lovejoy, and Stevens. Said he, "The gentleman from Pennsylvania, the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, has educated them up to his measure." He did my distinguished colleague honor overmuch. The events of this era are under the management of no man or set of men. It is to the music of the spheres that the patriot army and the country march. Providence is the guide. God alone controls the march of events; and the music to which the country moves is the spheral strains which inspire undying faith and dauntless courage in the cause of justice and mercy, and invite that peace, which, resting on these foundations, shall endure forever. Sir, the music to which we march inspires as by recalling the highest glories of the past, its seraphic strains breathe forth the hopes and joys of the bright and illimitable future which is to follow this night of strife and woe.

Not my colleague, but God has been our instructor. He has brought us forward, step by step, until at last we are about to enact a law in which we recognize man as man. Nor is the bill demanded by the philanthropist alone. Eighteen months of Providential teachings have so far educated us that the most stupid have learned that four million of people on our side are better for us than the same four million warring or working against us.

The bill before us is to stand as law for three years. It is consistent with legislation already on the statue book authorizing the President to arm and equip all able-bodied men, irrespective of color, that may be needed for the suppression of this rebellion, and it must not be emasculated by adopting the amendment of the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Cox), and inserting the word "*white*" before men. Let it stand as it is, and it will give us all the soldiers we need.

Mr. Speaker, let me repeat, that it is God who is teaching this people and their representatives by His mysterious providence. Why, the question is asked, could not this country have progressed peacefully as it was progressing? Why must this war come? Sir, I know not why, but, in the bitterness of a heart, stricken at many points by the loss of friends and kindred, and the greater sorrows of others—as it is upon us, I hail it as the era of a new and higher birth for man and for society. I know not why it is that all great blessings come to us through pain and sorrow. It is to the agonies of the garden and the cross that we owe our sublime faith and immortal hopes. Who can tell the anguish and pain that are compensated by the first cherub smile that plays upon the cradled infant's cheek? And why is it that through the pains and lingering torments of the sick room or the horrors of the battle-field that we pass from cares and sorrow to the better and happier world? I cannot explain God's providence, but I do note its visible facts and am taught to behold in the agony of my country the sure presage of a new and higher life for her.

EMANCIPATION FAST AND LOOSE.

From The Cincinnati Gazette.

THE New York *Tribune*, in one of its unlucky moments, committed itself to the doctrine that after the Constitution and laws are enforced in the districts controlled by the rebels, or, as it is commonly termed, the Union is restored, or, as *The Tribune* expresses it, the slave States "being peaceably, indisputably, loyally within the Union," they may legislate the legally emancipated blacks back into slavery, or the masters may reduce them to slavery, and the National government will have no constitutional power to interpose and—as *The Tribune* expresses it —"override the Constitution and laws of the State" to protect the blacks it emancipated as a war measure; in short, that Emancipation by military necessity ceases with the necessity, and the blacks are dropped to *status quo ante bellum.*

This has stirred up its subscribers, who are descending upon it with interrogatories and commentaries much to the disturbance of *The Tribune's* temper. In replying it has floundered deeper, and into the most remarkable constitutional doctrines. *The Tribune* may well be disturbed, for in all its experience in getting into hot water, it has never taken a position which will yield that element so freely as this; and the source will be in the mass of its friends. In such a position there is but one strategic course, and that is a change of base by the rear. The New York *Times*, another journal which regarded the Emancipation proclamation as the third dispensation, magnanimously advises *The Tribune* not to devote itself to such an abstraction, but to attend to practical affairs of present moment.

It startles the moral sense to hear from a leading journal which zealously urged a general Emancipation as a war measure, the declaration that the government cannot protect its loyal black allies in their freedom, but must desert them to be reduced to slavery by the subdued rebels. Strategems are allowed in war, to deceive the enemy, but not treachery to friends and allies. To entice the slaves into our service in a war against their masters, by the promise of freedom and protection, and, when this has served our turn, to abandon them to slavery and the tender mercies of their masters, would be national perfidy on a stupendous scale. The British government refused to permit this treachery to the refugee slaves in both its wars with this country, but it protected them. And even the State of Virginia would not permit the treacherous masters to hold in slavery the blacks who had fought in the war of the revolution, on promise of freedom, but it purchased their freedom. And South Carolina has still standing a law enacted at that time, giving freedom to any slave who should kill one of the enemy—a law which, unless prevented by our fair treatment of the blacks, may yet be more fatal to our soldiers than any assistance we get from the abused blacks will be to the enemy. No nation makes peace without providing for its allies. When we invite their aid we assume obligations to them which it would be perfidious to throw off. The President could never have appealed to the justice of the world on such a hideous treachery as *The Tribune's* theory would make of his Emancipation proclamation.

The constitutional doctrine is scarcely less monstrous. Are these emancipated blacks legally free? *The Tribune* says they are. Then the doctrine is that the States have absolute power over personal liberty. Complexion does not affect the question. The Constitution knows no distinction of color. The slaveholders themselves do not put their "rights," as they call them, on the shifting and indefinite ground of complexion. And *The Tribune* does not put this power of the States over the liberty of the citizen on the ground of color. It says no one acting under the authority of the Union could interpose between two native or naturalized citizens of a State in the Union to prevent one holding the other as a slave. Its doctrine covers all, both native and naturalized. Of course, such power, if it exists, is not limited by complexion. The power which can legislate a free man into slavery can do it with white, as well as with black and mixed.

It used to be held that the right to liberty was superior to governments, and that they could only protect it. Even in monarchical countries it is held above the divine right of kings. Nowhere but in Dahomey, and a few such patriarchal concerns, does the prince assume absolute power over the liberty of the subject. But here in this democratic government, founded on the declaration that governments are formed to secure natural and inalienable rights of person, and with a Constitution declaring itself formed to secure the blessings of liberty, it is asserted by a leading anti-slavery journal that a State may legislate free men into slavery, and that the National government has no power to interpose to protect the liberty of its citizens, or, as *The Tribune* expresses it, has no constitutional power to interpose and "override the Constitution and laws of that State" to protect free men in their liberty. It would be singular if a Constitution so powerful to override everything to protect slavery, had no power to protect liberty. Such a consummation would shock the faith in the inspired wisdom of its framers.

If this doctrine is true the States may reduce to slavery the citizens of other States, who come within their jurisdiction, and the National government has no constitutional power to prevent it. In a happy country where the exciting of State and sectional hate is called conservatism, and where the party name applied to the great majority of the people of one section is sufficient cause for instant death in the other, this does not offer a pleasing prospect. If the doctrine be true, the Southern principle of domestic economy, that the proper relation between capital and labor is that the first families shall own the laborers, may be legislated into operation, and according to *The Tribune*, the National government has no power to "override the Constitution and laws of the States" to prevent it. The jealous hostility to free laborers and to foreign immigrants, is too deep-seated and active in the South, to allow our laboring and immigrant population to contemplate this constitutional doctrine with complacency. But if it be true, may not these converted States avenge themselves on the disbanded national soldiers, by reducing them to slavery, and will it not be an unconstitutional overriding of their Constitutions and laws if the government interposes to protect them? At this rate peace hath more danger than war.

The National Constitution says: "Nor shall any person be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law." There is no process of law for depriving a free man of liberty except by the judgment of a legal tribunal in the administration of the common legal penalties. The Constitution carries the power to enforce its provisions. It also declares: "This Constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof shall be the supreme law of the land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." Here is a Constitution which expressly "overrides" the Constitutions and laws of the States to the extent of its specified powers; and its first object is declared to be to secure liberty, for which purpose it delcares no person shall be deprived of it except as a penalty for crime.

Any State Constitution, or legislation, or individual action, to make slaves of freemen, is an attempt to override the National Constitution, and is void. The first duty of the government is to protect liberty. It may be that the courts are corrupt, and that they override the Constitution, and make slavery only sacred. But this does not make it either a constitutional or legal principle, nor a thing for a people who have their government in their own hands to assent to. *The Tribune* refers to the Dred Scott decision, which is, in effect, that people of the same complexion as any who are slaves have no right to legal protection; or that none but they whose liberty is in no danger have a right to legal protection for their liberty; or that the courts are exclusively for the protection of the strong, and are closed to the weak. But decisions cannot make a legal principle of so atrocious a falsehood. They only make the court infamous. The people have, through the ballot, the power to correct such judicial degradation, and it is their own fault if they elect rulers who fail to do it.

The Tribune quotes, in support of its position, the legislation of Arkansas, which sold the free negroes into slavery. It might as well quote the act of Kentucky making it a penitentiary crime for free colored men of other States to set foot on her soil; or the Constitution of Illinois, excluding free negroes from the State. These States have just as much right to make it a crime for a white resident of another State to enter their boundaries, as a colored one. Every man, woman and child, resident on the soil of the United States, has the same right in any of them as their own born inhabitants. The imposition of an exclusion or penalty upon them is a direct violation of the Constitution, and is legally void. Any other doctrine gives to the States the power to exclude whatever class may happen to be obnoxious to the temporary governing prejudices, whether they turn against color, race, or religion.

We have, from the outbreak of the war, held that it resolved the social relations of the rebels into two classes—friends and enemies—and that our armies should recognize only this distinction. That we should hold sacred the right of traitors at war with us to hold men and force them to treason, is a proposition too monstrous for any rational being to affirm. We have also declared from the first, that to deliver up the blacks, who have escaped from the enemy to our protection, or who have aided us in the war, to the cruel mercies of their masters and to slavery, would be the basest treachery; and that in any event they must be protected. We have desired that this obligation of honor and of military necessity should be carried out in good faith, both to the blacks and to our cause; in the field where the question was practically presented to our armies. But mindful of this responsibility which we assume by the acceptance of black allies, and of the unfaithfulness to it in the field, we have not urged that the government should raise hopes in the blacks by promises, or take upon itself obligations by pledges which it might not fulfil. When the President resolved on the easier method of a general proclamation, we hoped that the local treatment demanded by the real military necessity would follow. But we are astonished to hear from one of the most ardent advocates of the Emancipation proclamation, and from some others who hailed it as a new gospel, the declaration that the Emancipation of the slaves by military necessity, ceases, and leaves the blacks to slavery, when they have served our necessity.

FREMONT—HALLECK—STANTON.

Correspondence of The Cincinnati Gazette.

WASHINGTON, March 21.

THE simplest justice to Gen. Fremont requires a correction of the persistently repeated declarations that he has been insisting on an independent command. Gen. Fremont has simply asked that he might be given something, anything, to do. He had two distinct plans of operation in different sections, for either of which it seemed that he was peculiarly fitted, but he insisted on neither of them. His simple, sole request was that he might be put into active service. He made no objections to going anywhere, doing anything. And this poor boon, of being permitted to use the sword the country had given him, was what a Republican Administration once more refused to John C. Fremont.

The statement that this refusal was mainly, if not entirely due to Gen. Halleck's bitter hostility is probably correct. It rests, at any rate, upon no less authority than the explicit assertion of the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, who said he was in favor of giving Gen. Fremont a certain work to do; the President is known to have favored it; Mr. Stanton says distinctly it would have been done but for the opposition of Gen. Halleck. This seems positive enough, and whether Gen. Halleck can clear himself or not it effectually narrows the matter down to two men, the Commander-in-Chief *or* the Secretary of War. The fact is worth remembering.

For the rest, nobody knows of any reason why Fremont should not be granted the earnest request he has been so long preferring—to be permitted to fight somewhere in this war. His campaign in Virginia was confessedly a success, and a miracle of energy and endurance. On the heels of driving Jackson out of the field he was first carefully insulted by being put under a personal enemy, and then banished the service. No such treatment was meted out to Sumner, Heintzelman, Burnside, under even less favorable circumstances. Is Fremont so much more inimical to this Administration than they?

THE NEW LABOR EXPERIMENTS IN LOUISIANA.

Correspondence of The Times.

NEW ORLEANS, Thursday, March 12, 1863.

THE experiment of getting the freed slaves to go to work for remuneration has succeeded sufficiently to satisfy the most sceptical, that under proper inducements and a well organized system, they would be as perfectly docile and as industrious as could be desired. As far as Gen. Banks's propositions to the planters have been carried out in good faith, there has been no difficulty in inducing the negroes not only to return to their masters, but they (the negroes) have done it in many cases cheerfully, and seem happy once more to be at home. It is noticeable, however, that masters who have been proverbial for their severity find themselves without laborers, as no promises these men can make will secure them assistance, the negroes of such masters preferring to work on the government plantations. As far as I can judge, the negroes care very little about their pay; what they especially desire to have understood is, *that they are now free*, and are working voluntarily. With this unction they seem to be perfectly satisfied to perform the hardest tasks without complaining, but hint to them that they are not free, and they instantly take the alarm; or suggest, as many often do, that when the Nationals "are driven out of the South," their situation will be even worse than "in the olden time," and they become at once miserable and discontented, and it takes considerable soothing talk to restore them to good humor.

Mr. Hepworth, Chaplain of the Forty-seventh Massachusetts, who has devoted a great deal of time to the study of this new order of things, speaks most hopefully of its final success, and says that the chief obstacle in the way is the seeming determination of many of the planters not to accept any terms that differ from absolute slavery, with unlimited power of physical punishment attached; and if these "sacred rights" are withheld they prefer to do nothing —indeed, they fold their hands and invite destruction. In this last particular, at least, their fondest desires are likely to be realized, for more thorough ruin never before stared men in the face than now coldly, and, I sometimes, fancy, maliciously threatens these stiff-necked and judicially blind ex-taskmasters. Capt. Goodrich, an intelligent officer stationed in the Lafourche District, states that a short while ago there were over seven thousand contrabands in one vicinity, and the wretchedness among them was becoming extreme. Unaccustomed to take care of themselves, and without resources of any kind, they were on the brink of dying from starvation and threatening pestilence, when the opportunity, under Gen. Banks's orders, arrived for them to return to their masters, or to find work on the government plantations, *as hired laborers*, and in a few days, of the seven thousand, but two hundred, the sick and aged, were left in the camp to be cared for and fed from the bounty of the United States government. Let what will be done, the next sugar crop of Louisiana will be comparatively nothing; and the same remark will apply to cotton. Both these staples will fall in quantity so far below previous years as to make but little impression upon the demand; and, as a matter of course, the commercial ruin that must follow in the South can hardly be realized. Shrewd and very dull men, looking on from an outside stand-point, see this, and speak of it—feel that an entire revolution is to be effected in the changes of estates—old names, old families, old associations, old customs, are all to pass away, and a new order of things is to be established. Greenbacks are rapidly purchasing up abandoned plantations; greenbacks are getting their hold on estates not abandoned; greenbacks are absorbing what little value is left everywhere. And with these "verdant monsters" will necessarily come their "infernal Yankee" owners, and in 1863 and 1864, on the sugar hogshead and the cotton bale, instead of Peyton, Kenner, Randolph or Pickens, will appear emblazoned the New England names of Beecher, Doolittle, Sumner or Lovejoy—and, mark my prediction, the cotton then will be none the less plentiful, or the sugar less sweet.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

March 15.—The United States Sequestration Commission for this Department lately transferred to the Quartermaster's Department a large number of valuable plantations which had been abandoned by rebel owners. After a full examination of the subject, taking into consideration the vast number of unemployed contrabands, Gen. Banks decided that humanity and economy urged their immediate occupation or lease by the government, and the employment of the freedmen by the occupants at a fixed rate of wages.

In accordance with this determination Capt. S. W. Cozzens, A. D. C., was detailed as agent for the Quartermaster's Department in all matters relating to the abandoned plantations. The Department has taken possession of eight of the finest plantations, employed overseers, engaged the negroes belonging on the land as free laborers, furnished all necessary articles, and will conduct the business precisely as would a private individual.

Thus a large sum will be realized by the government, the slaves provided with employment, and idle transports made useful. The total number of sequestrated plantations is at present 49, six of which have been leased to loyal men for one year at a rental of one-half the net profits, the occupant to furnish all supplies, for the faithful performance of which contract ample bonds have been given. All unemployed negroes found in the city are employed and sent to the sugar fields.

MISS DICKINSON IN HARTFORD.

From The Hartford Press.

HARTFORD for once has been astonished. With some curiosity to hear what a woman could say about politics, people went last night to Touro Hall. The speaker, Miss Anna E. Dickinson of Philadelphia, was almost unknown to most who went, except by a vague rumor—unheralded, except that just at night her positive coming was announced in *The Press*. Yet the Hall, which was comfortably filled at the beginning of the address, was packed as we never saw it as the evening went on. And the audience, which began to listen in a quiet, half-critical manner, soon lost control of itself under the witchery of such a spell as a Hartford audience was never under before.

The person who produced this unequalled effect is a young woman, hardly turned twenty, who advanced upon the platform in a quiet manner, a figure slight, yet compact, with the brow and eye of Evangeline, if to the sad forethought we add the fire and courage of genius, and a manner singularly graceful and still commanding. She began calmly to speak, with the perfect self-possession of one sure of her foothold, in a voice of great clearness and melody, with an enunciation perfectly distinct, and a pronunciation of the test vowels which marks the highest refinement of cultivation.

She spoke rapidly, her ideas evidently outrunning even her lightning-like utterance, memory and imagination both crowding her. We shall attempt no hint even of her lecture. It was at once a rapid, masterly sketch of the war in its inception, continuance, and prospective end, exhibiting a knowledge and careful estimate of men and measures which constantly astonished her listeners. And as she went on mingling argument, invective, pathos, sarcasm, irresistible appeal, we felt that she had the passion of the South and the brain of the North on fire with inspiration. It was Portia making a statement, it was a Pythia prophesying; it was better than either, an American woman, cultivated, trained, endowed, devoted to the noblest cause since the Christian era began.

Do we exaggerate? Every one who heard her will say that what we have written above is cold and inadequate. In certain powers as a speaker we have never heard her excelled. Only one man, whom we have heard, George Thompson, at all equals her in the ability to carry a climax successfully to the dizzy heights where born orators alone walk with step firm and eye serene. Her peroration we have never heard equalled. With figure dilating, face impassioned, eye flashing, she poured forth that wonderful illustration and appeal, and the audience, breathless, almost translated, hung upon her words, and, when her voice ceased, but slowly regained their self-possession and broke forth into cheering and the most extravagant demonstrations of delight, which continued several minutes. Then the stage was speedily crowded with those who sought to express their gratitude and pleasure, and she suffered a perfect ovation of congratulations.

Miss Dickinson came here from the campaign in New Hampshire, where she spoke twenty nights, and she will speak in this State until our election. If every voter could hear her there would be no doubt of the general expression of opinion which we heard last night—this woman is sent as from on high to save the State.

—We had almost forgotten to mention that Miss Dickinson paid her respects to a cowardly and scurrilous attack upon her by the editor of the traitor sheet of this city. The attack was not worth her notice, but it gave the audience an opportunity to testify their appreciation of the dirty journal whose editor she so mercilessly handled.

BARBARISM IN ILLINOIS.

THE Whiteside (Ill.) *Sentinel* says the following official notice is posted in the Post-Office and other public places in the City of Carthage, Hancock County, Ill. It is a practical exemplification of the Illinois Black Laws. The notice reads as follows:

PUBLIC SALE.—Whereas, The following negroes and one mulatto man were, on the 5th and 6th days of February, 1863, tried before the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace within and for Hancock Co., Ill., on a charge of high misdemeanor, having come into this State and County and remaining therein for ten days and more, with the evident intention of residing in this State, and were found guilty by a Jury, and were each severally fined in the sum of $50, and the judgment was rendered against said negroes and mulatto man, for $50 fine each, and costs of suit, which fines and costs are annexed opposite to each name, to wit:

	Age.	Fine.	Costs.
John, a negro man, tall and slim, about	35	$50	$33 17
Sambo, a negro man, about	21	50	32 17
Austin, a negro man, heavy set, about	20	50	30 10
Andrew, a negro man, about	—	50	30 33
Amos, a negro man, about	40	50	29 67
Nelson, a mulatto man, about	55	50	30 07

And whereas, Said fines and costs have not been paid, notice is therefore given that the undersigned will, on Thursday, the 19th day of February, A.D. 1863, between the hours of 1 and 5 o'clock, p.m., of said day, at the west end of the Court-House, in Carthage, Hancock County, Illinois, sell each of said negro men, John, Austin, Sambo, Andrew, Amos, and said mulatto man, Nelson, at public auction, to the person or persons who will pay the said fine and costs appended against each respectively for the shortest time of service of said negroes and mulatto.

The purchaser or purchasers will be entitled to the control and services of the negroes and mulatto purchased for the period named in the sale, and no longer, and will be required to furnish said negroes and mulatto with comfortable food, clothing and lodging during said servitude. The fees for selling will be added on completion of the sale.

Carthage, Feb. 9, 1863. C. M. CHILD, J. P.

The above was furnished us by an old resident and well-known citizen of this County. What a libel on civilization to place such an enactment upon the statute book of a professedly free State! Can any lover of justice read the above and not feel the blush of shame mantle his cheek? Is it not a disgrace to humanity to permit such a law to remain on our statute book?

TURNING AN HONEST PENNY IN KENTUCKY.

THE Frankfort (Ky.) *Commonwealth* of the 18th, contains advertisements of eighty-nine colored persons, committed to jail as fugitive slaves, to be dealt with as the law requires, in case the owners do not come forward and claim their property—that is, sold into slavery to pay charges accrued in holding them on suspicion of being slaves. What these captives say as to their ownership is stated. We know not by what means colored men taken up on suspicion are made to tell that they have owners, but being ignorant presume them right means. Of these, something over half say their owners live in Tennessee; the rest chiefly in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and other States included in the benign Emancipation proclamation.

But three or four are announced as from Kentucky owners. Several claim to be free, but they are advertised to be dealt with all the same, as the law requires, in case the owners neglect to come forward and claim them. In evidence of the thriving business that the Indiana Copperheads are said to be doing in the congenial business of kidnapping colored men and selling them into Kentucky, four of these are advertised as taken up in the State of Indiana. It was not necessary to mention the locality, but these four advertisements were usually generous, perhaps to encourage the Indiana trade.

Colored men, taken up in Indiana, and advertised in Kentucky as having no claimant is suggestive. It seems that besides the blood money to the Indianians the traders think it best to get a legal title in Kentucky, which can be done by the easy process of selling for charges; and of course the blood money is included in the charges, and would naturally be made sufficient to buy the victim in at the sale. And if he is from Secessia, or is free, there is no risk that an owner will appear. This spread of advertisements is suggestive of the flourishing business the Kentucky negro-traders are doing out of the war.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

LIFE IN REBELDOM.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

NEW ORLEANS, March 15.

ON Thursday last I had the honor of making the acquaintance of that ubiquitous personage, "the reliable gentleman from beyond the Union lines." Need I say that his emaciated form, his despairing look, and his mournful narrative gave me a vivid picture of the horrors of war, and filled my heart with a deeper hate for those twin children of Satan, Slavery and Treason?

This man escaped from near Covington, in the parish of St. Tammany, some time since, where he was a common laborer, with a family dependent upon him for support. He is a native of the State of Mississippi, and was a silent sympathizer with the Rebellion, but to avoid conscription fled to the woods, in company with about twenty others.

Bloodhounds were placed upon their track, and four of the party were captured and shot. His wife for a time kept him supplied with such articles of food as her scanty means would purchase; but finally advised him to join the army or escape to New Orleans. He managed to obtain a canoe, and reached the light-house at the mouth of Pearl River, where his statement received credence from the Union soldiers, and himself and family were furnished with all necessary articles and sent to New Orleans.

This refugee states that the people of St. Tammany have been living from hand to mouth for about a year. The Conscription law has driven all the males to seek refuge in the woods, while their poor women and children are left at home on the very verge of starvation. Rebel officers scour the country continually with bloodhounds, enter houses without ceremony, search every nook and corner, and if the terrified women protest against their rudeness, they are kicked out of their own houses, and coarsely assailed and cursed by these brutal minions of Jeff. Davis.

The people subsist entirely on cracked corn, which is parched and eaten dry for bread, and soaked in hot water for coffee. Occasionally they get hold of a little fresh meat; but as there is not a particle of salt to be had, short of a dollar a spoonfull, this meat cannot be kept, and is very unpalatable without salt.

There being no salt, the roving bands of guerillas and other armed parties, whose chief business seems to be to move about from place to place in search of conscripts and chickens, are compelled to resort to burning beef to cure it. This is done in this way: The fresh meat is cut into thin slices and placed on hot coals, where it remains until it is quite burnt. It is then packed in knapsacks and carried with them on their marches. When the stock is exhausted, they levy on another animal, wherever one is to be found. This food, with corn, coarsely ground and unsifted, is said to be what the rebel soldiers there subsist on.

A WHITE SLAVE.

THE following account of a genuine white man being held as a slave, I have from the most authentic source:

A certain planter's daughter in Mississippi was seduced. To hide her shame she gave her child, a girl, at its birth to a slave woman, along with money, to bring up as her own. The child lived and became the mistress of the planter's son, who succeeded to the estate. She had by him five children, and among them the man I refer to, Charles Grayson. This was in Calhoun County, Mississippi, three miles from Paris. The father was at one time Clerk of the Court. At six years of age Charles was sold to William Steen, in the neighborhood, and about this time his parentage was told to him by his mother. He ran away, was captured, and treated with great harshness. He was made to do more work than the other slaves. The object was to break him down. He proved to be strong and able to bear all the burdens put upon him.

On December 17, 1862, the 3d Michigan Cavalry came into the vicinity. Grayson then took a horse and rode into their lines. He took a good horse, so as to ride faster. He was then employed as a cook for the non-commissioned officers of Co. F, Capt. Theodore Reese. Becoming anxious about his future condition, he proposed to go North. The above-named officer, the Lieutenant-Colonel, G. Rogers, and several substantial citizens of Jackson, Tenn., as well as a General high in command, assisted him to carry out his plan; and a few days ago he passed through this place on his way to Cass County, Michigan.

He has been a slave for seventeen years, is now twenty-three years of age, has straight, light hair, fair, blue eyes, a sandy beard, and evidently is a white man, with no drop of black blood in his veins.

He has a singular appearance. He is totally ignorant. He scarcely knows what freedom is. He knows little more than

wife and a professing lady; but those acquainted with her say she is so masculine and bellicose that they do not consider the report improbable.

Southern women generally have an excessive relish for fighting, and can hardly repress their admiration for men who indulge in street-brawls and rencontres, or in the purely "chivalric" amusement of assassination.—*Tribune.*

LORD LYONS CONFERRING WITH THE COPPERHEADS.

Lord Lyons to Earl Russell.

WASHINGTON, November 17, 1862.

MY LORD: In his dispatches of the 17th and of the 24th ultimo and of the 7th instant, Mr. Stuart reported to your lordship the results of the elections for members of Congress and State officers which have recently taken place in several of the most important States of the Union. Without repeating the details, it will be sufficient for me to observe that the success of the Democratic or (as it now styles itself) the conservative party, has been so great as to manifest a change in public feeling, among the most rapid and the most complete that has ever been witnessed, even in this country.

On my arrival at New York on the 8th instant I found the conservative leaders exulting in the crowning success achieved by the party in that State. They appeared to rejoice, above all, in the conviction that personal liberty and freedom of speech had been secured for the principal State of the Union. They believed that the government must at once desist from exercising in the State of New York the extraordinary (and as they regarded them) illegal and unconstitutional powers which it had assumed. They were confident that at all events after the 1st of January next, on which day the newly-elected Governor would come into office, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* could not be practically maintained. They seemed to be persuaded that the result of the elections would be accepted by the President as a declaration of the will of the people; that he would increase the moderate and conservative element in the Cabinet; that he would seek to terminate the war, not to push it to extremity; that he would endeavor to effect a reconciliation with the people of the South, and renounce the idea of subjugating or exterminating them.

On the following morning, however, intelligence arrived from Washington which dashed the rising hopes of the conservatives. It was announced that Gen. McClellan had been dismissed from the command of the army of the Potomac, and ordered to repair to his home; that he had, in fact, been removed altogether from active service. The General had been regarded as the representative of conservative principles in the army. Support of him had been made one of the articles of the conservative electoral programme. His dismissal was taken as a sign that the President had thrown himself entirely into the arms of the extreme radical party, and that the attempt to carry out the policy of that party would be persisted in. The irritation of the conservatives at New York was certainly very great; it seemed, however, to be not unmixed with consternation and despondency.

Several of the leaders of the Democratic party sought interviews with me, both before and after the arrival of the intelligence of Gen. McClellan's dismissal. The subject uppermost in their minds while they were speaking to me was naturally that of foreign mediation between the North and South. Many of them seemed to think that this mediation must come at last; but they appeared to be very much afraid of its coming too soon. It was evident that they apprehended that a premature proposal of foreign intervention would afford the radical party a means of reviving the violent war spirit, and of thus defeating the peaceful plans of the conservatives. They appeared to regard the present moment as peculiarly unfavorable for such an offer, and, indeed, to hold that it would be essential to the success of any proposal from abroad that it should be deferred until the control of the executive government should be in the hands of the conservative party.

I gave no opinion on the subject. I did not say whether or not I myself thought foreign intervention probable or advisable; but I listened with attention to the accounts given me of the plans and hopes of the conservative party. At the bottom I thought I perceived a desire to put an end to the war, even at the risk of losing the Southern States altogether; but it was plain that it was not thought prudent to avow this desire. Indeed, some hints of it, dropped before the elections, were so ill received that a strong declaration in the contrary sense was deemed necessary by the Democratic leaders.

At the present moment, therefore, the chiefs of the conservative party call loudly for a more vigorous prosecution of the war, and reproach the government with slackness as well as with want of success in its military measures. But they repudiate all idea of interfering with the institutions of the Southern people, or of waging a war of subjugation or extermination. They maintain that the object of the military operations should be to place the North in a position to demand an armistice with honor and with effect. The armistice should (they hold) be followed by a convention, in which such changes of the Constitution should be proposed as would give the South ample security on the subject of its slave property, and would enable the North and the South to reunite and to live together in peace and harmony. The conservatives profess to think that the South might be induced to take part in such a convention, and that a restoration of the Union would be the result. The more sagacious members of the party must, however, look upon the proposal of a convention merely as a last experiment to test the possibility of reunion. They are no doubt well aware that the more probable consequence of an armistice would be the establishment of Southern independence; but they perceive that if the South is so utterly alienated that no possible concessions will induce it to return voluntarily to the Union, it is wiser to agree to separation than to prosecute a cruel and hopeless war.

It is with reference to such an armistice as they desire to attain that the leaders of the conservative party regard the question of foreign mediation. They think that the offer of mediation, if made, to a radical Administration, would be rejected; that if made at an unpropitious moment it might increase the virulence with which the war is prosecuted. If their own party were in power, or virtually controlled the Administration, they would rather, if possible, obtain an armistice without the aid of foreign governments; but they would be disposed to accept an offer of mediation if it appeared to be the only means of putting a stop to hostilities. They would desire that the offer should come from the great Powers of Europe conjointly, and in particular that as little prominence as possible should be given to Great Britain.

At Washington I have had fewer opportunities than I had at New York of ascertaining the present views of the chiefs of the political parties. At the interview which I had with Mr. Seward the day after my arrival, he showed no disposition to enter upon political matters. He did not appear to expect or to desire to receive from me any special communication from her Majesty's government. The President, when I waited upon him, talked to me only on ordinary topics. I, for my part, gladly shunned all allusion to foreign intervention, my principal object being to avoid saying anything which might embarrass me in carrying out any instructions on the subject which I may receive from your lordship.

All things considered, my own opinion certainly is that the present moment is not a favorable one for making an offer of mediation. It might embarrass the peace party, and even oblige them, in order to maintain their popularity, to make some public declarations against it, and this might make it difficult for them to accept a similar offer at a more propitious time. It would in all probability be rejected by the President, who appears to have thrown himself into the arms of the extreme radical party. The views of that party are clear and definite. They declare that there is no hope of reconciliation with the Southern people; that the war must be pursued, *per fas aut nefas*, until the disloyal men of the South are ruined and subjugated, if not exterminated; that not an inch of the old territory of the republic must be given up; that foreign intervention, in any shape, must be rejected and resented. This party would desire to turn an offer of mediation to account, for the purpose of inflaming the war spirit and producing a reaction against the conservatives.

It is probable, too, that the government would urge, in answer to an offer of mediation, that it has by no means abandoned the hope of putting down the rebellion within a reasonable time; that, at all events, this is not a moment at which it can reasonably be called upon to put a stop to hostilities. It would observe that the armies of the United States are everywhere advancing, and that expeditions are prepared against Texas, as well as against Charleston, Mobile and other points on the coast. It would point out that it had equipped a considerable number of war vessels, iron clad as well as others, at a vast expense; that the season had just arrived when the Autumn rains would render the rivers navigable by armed vessels, and when the Southern coast would be free from epidemic disease. It might even represent an advance of the army of the Potomac to Richmond as a probable event. The experience of the past is certainly not calculated to inspire any great confidence in the results of these warlike preparations; but the political interests of the party now in power render a continuance of the war a necessity to it. Its only chance of regaining its lost popularity lies in successful military operations. Unless it can obtain a much higher place in public estimation than it now occupies, not only will its tenure of power become extremely precarious, but some of its leading members may be called to a severe account for their extra legal proceedings. During the session of Congress which begins next month, the present Administration has indeed reason to expect an uncompromising support from a majority of both Houses of Congress. But on the 4th of March next the existing House of Representatives is dissolved by the terms of the Constitution, and at the same time several of the present Senators go out of office. The majority of the members chosen at the recent elections for the new House of Representatives are of the Democratic or conservative party, and in some States Senators of that party will be returned in the room of those whose terms of office expire next March. The new Congress is in fact likely to be hostile to the Administration and to the radical party; and although it will not, in the ordinary course of things, assemble until the last month of next year, the President will hardly be able to persist in his present policy and in his assumption of extraordinary powers, unless he can, in virtue of military successes, obtain a reputation with the people which will sustain him in a contest with the Legislature.

It would seem, then, to be vain to make an offer of mediation to the present government, in their present mood, with any notion that it would be accepted. A change of mood may, however, take place after the 4th of March, if no great military successes occur in the interval. Such a change may possibly be produced sooner by military reverses. A proposal, however, to mediate, made even under present circumstances, by three or more of the great Powers of Europe conjointly, might not produce any great inconvenience.

It is, indeed, urged by some people that mediation should be offered, not so much with a view to its being accepted, as to its clearing the way for a recognition of the Southern Confederacy. And, indeed, if it were determined that the time had come for recognising that Confederacy, no doubt an offer of mediation would be a suitable preliminary. But I do not clearly understand what advantage is expected to result from a simple recognition of the Southern government; and I presume that the European Powers do not contemplate breaking up the blockade by force of arms, or engaging in hostilities with the United States in support of the independence of the South.

I have, indeed, heard it maintained that Great Britain should recognize the independence of the South as soon as possible, with a view to impede the success of the efforts of the conservative party to reconstruct the Union. The advocates of this opinion consider a reunion as a probable event, and apprehend that the first result of it would be that the combined forces of the North and the South would be let loose upon Canada. I certainly do not at present share these apprehensions. All hope of the reconstruction of the Union appears to be fading away, even from the minds of those who most ardently desire it. But if the reconstruction be still possible, I do not think that we need conclude that it would lead to an invasion of Canada, or to any consequences injurious to Great Britain. At any rate, dangers of this kind are remote. The immediate and obvious interest of Great Britain, as well as the rest of Europe, is that peace and prosperity should be restored to this country as soon as possible. The point chiefly worthy of consideration appears to be whether separation or reunion be the more likely to effect this object.

I have, etc.,

LYONS.

COMMENTS OF THE LOYAL PRESS.

From The Evening Post.

The letter of Lord Lyons, the English Ambassador to this country, which we give in this sheet, is a very remarkable document. It is the narrative of certain intrigues which the leaders of the Democratic party in this country set on foot not very long since, with a view of influencing the course of the British government towards the United States.

Lord Lyons states with great distinctness the views and designs of those who approached him as leaders of the Democratic party. They had no objection to foreign mediation in itself; they thought that it must be offered and accepted in the end, but at present they desired that the offer should be withheld, lest the Federal government should make it the occasion of an appeal to the people, and the people, indignant at the attempt of a foreign power to interfere in our domestic affairs, should be stimulated to prosecute the war with redoubled energy and determination. It was the unseasonableness of the interference at the present moment that made them wish that Great Britain should refrain from offering it; there would be a time for it hereafter.

But their plans have a wider scope than securing the future interference of Great Britain. They contemplate interference, when the opportune time shall arrive, in a more imposing and formidable shape—the combined interference of all the European powers of the first rank. "They [the 'conservative leaders,' as they are called] would desire," says Lord Lyons, "that it should come from the great Powers of Europe conjointly, and in particular that as little prominence as possible should be given to that of Great Britain." They know that the interposition of no power will so rouse the jealousy of the Americans as that of Great Britain, and while they intrigue with her minister and rely on her cooperation, they would have her part in the proceeding kept out of sight as much as practicable. Great Britain has been given her cue by these honest gentlemen. She is to hold herself in readiness to combine with the other powers of Western Europe when the occasion shall be ripe, but the proposal to interfere is to come from them. Coming from France, Russia or Prussia it would be less offensive to our national sensibilities, and being offered by so mighty an array of the great united monarchies of the Old World, they seem to suppose that it might awe our government into compliance.

Having put Lord Lyons in possession of their views concerning the due time and proper mode of meddling in our domestic quarrel, the "chiefs of the conservative party" proceed to make him their confidant as to their policy at home. They are to "call loudly for a more vigorous prosecution of the war, and reproach the government with slackness." But they do not mean to "interfere with Southern institutions," that is to say, with slavery, nor to "subjugate" the rebels. "They maintain that the object of the military operations should be to enable the North to demand an armistice." They would fight till they can make both North and South consent to an armistice. When they get the armistice, says Lord Lyons, they mean to have a convention, and when they get a convention, they intend to change the Constitution, giving "the South ample security on the subject of its slave property," so that "North and South may reunite, and live together in peace and harmony." They think the South might agree to these terms; but if, after the North has thus far humbled herself, the slaveholders should remain obstinate, they hold that "it is wiser to separate." The "more sagacious of the party," however, according to Lord Lyons, have not much expectation of any other result than a final separation.

Such is the end which the so called conservatives propose by prosecuting the war. It is to be a war for the preservation of slavery. If they had a President and Cabinet of their own at Washington, says Lord Lyons, relating the substance of their communications to him, "they would rather, if possible, obtain an armistice without the aid of foreign governments, but they would accept the offer of foreign mediation if it appeared to be the only means of putting a stop to hostilities." But Mr. Lincoln having, as Lord Lyons phrases it, "thrown himself into the arms of the extreme radical party," there is no alternative but to go on with the war, not to "subjugate" the South, but to get the North and the government into a humor to offer an armistice, as a preliminary to taking measures for the preservation of slavery.

To effect this object the war must, of course, be prosecuted in a peculiar manner. The rebel armies must not be annihilated, nor must too many of the rebel ports and places of strength fall into our hands. It must be an exhausting war for the North, that our people may be brought to consent to a cessation of hostilities.

What General could be depended on to carry on the war in such a manner as to bring about this result? When Lord Lyons arrived at New York on the 8th of November last, he says he found the "conservative leaders" exulting at their success in the elections; but the next morning "intelligence arrived from Washington which dashed their rising hopes." "Gen. McClellan had been dismissed from the command of the Army of the Potomac." "The General," proceeds Lord Lyons, "had been regarded as the representative of conservative principles in the army," and "support of him had been made one of the articles of the conservative electoral programme." Accordingly, he says there was "great irritation" in their party, "not unmixed with consternation and despondency."

There was good reason for this consternation, no doubt. If Gen. McClellan had been allowed to direct the conduct of the war, we might, we will not say, have had an armistice by this time, but we might as well have ceased hostilities as have made a show of carrying them on. We were making, before his dismissal, rapid progress to that state of exhaustion and discouragement by which the conservatives hoped to compel our government to consent to a termination of the war without having effected its object. When he was removed, one important part of their plan was frustrated, and they were of course in great perplexity.

Lord Lyons, it seems, was convinced by their reasonings that the present was not the time for England to interfere; the President would reject the offer of mediation, and his party would turn it to account in strengthening themselves with the people, and "inflaming," as Lord Lyons says, "the war spirit." Meantime, he appears to be persuaded by his interviews with them that the time is at hand when interference will not be repelled. He has no confidence that the great military movements now on foot to subdue the rebellion will have any important results. The President needs some important military successes "to regain his lost popularity," and Lord Lyons does not see how he is to obtain them. The next Congress, he says, is likely to be hostile to the Administration, which is in danger of not being supported in its "assumption of extraordinary powers."

Such, in substance, is the relation of the attempts of the "conservative leaders" to influence the government of Great Britain in favor of the rebels. Their whole design, as clearly represented in this remarkable letter, was to persuade that government to such a course as would force our own to an untimely close of the war without subduing the rebellion. That was their declared object, and it is inevitable to conclude that similar intrigues have been carried on with the French government, whose interference was not likely to be received with the same disfavor as that of Great Britain.

That these negotiations were treasonable in their nature, that they were set on foot in the interest of the rebels, that if their object could be effected it would lead to the disgrace and humiliation of the Northern States and the permanent dismemberment of the Union, we need not say—their nature and inevitable tendency are apparent. Criminal as they are in a moral point of view, it will be the duty of the District Attorney, if the names of those who were concerned in them can be obtained, to consider whether they have not made themselves liable to the ignominious penalties levelled by the law of 1799 against those who "carry on any intercourse with the agent of any foreign government" with a view to "defeat the measures of the government of the United States."

We confess that we are somewhat astonished that the British Ministry should not have seen the effect of disclosures such as these upon the public mind of this country.

From The Tribune.

There can be no doubt that the dispatch gives a fair summary of what the Democratic chiefs here convened to exult over their victory said to Lord Lyons—certainly, of what he understood them to say and to purpose. And, in the light of this revelation, we ask the judgment of every candid mind on the pretense that they favor "a vigorous prosecution of the war," or desire the subjugation of the rebels in arms. They manifestly cherish no such impulse, no such desire; and all their professions of devotion to the National cause are the sheerest hypocrisy. That their sympathies are wholly with the rebels, not at all with the upholders of the National authority, has been often evinced, but seldom more clearly than in this bulletin from one who, being a representative of British aristocracy, was naturally admitted to their inmost councils.

We have here, also, an exposé of the *loyal* Democratic programme for restoring the Union. Its essence is—Let the Union get down on its knees to the traitors fighting for its destruction, make such changes in its Constitution "*as would give the South ample security on the subject of its slave property*," and this "would enable the North and the South to live together in peace and harmony." This is what our Democrats mean by "the Constitution *as it is*"—that is, as the slaveholders choose to have it transmogrified. Don't they wish they may get it?

From beginning to end of this remarkable dispatch, it is manifest that Lord Lyons is heart and soul with the enemies of our government and sees wholly through their spectacles. Altering the Federal Constitution to suit the rebel slaveholders would in his view be a highly "conservative" proceeding; while to resist that change and insist on simple obedience to the "Constitution as it is" is in his view "radical." Every missile that can be raked from the gutters of Faction to throw at the heads of our lawfully constituted rulers is in his view respectable and formidable, while nothing that is offered on the side of our government and those struggling to uphold it seems to him worthy of any consideration whatever. He affords a fresh and striking proof of the fact that the aristocratic caste in Great Britain are in full sympathy with the slaveholding caste in this country, and would deprecate the overthrow of the latter as premonitory of their own downfall. We knew that the British army and navy officers passing through our city or touching along our coast were uniformly pro-rebel; but we did not before suppose that their feelings were fully shared, or at least openly proclaimed, by the official representative of their Queen.

From The Times.

What a spectacle! These so-called Democratic chiefs seeking an interview, hat in hand, with the Minister of England, and craving him to be patient until they got into power, when they would be happy to join with England and the other European Powers to put a stop to the war! It is enough to make every American hang his head for shame. We have had a poor opinion of the Copperhead leaders in this State, but we own we were not prepared for this. We would not believe it, were not the diplomatic document itself before us as officially printed. We knew that these men were base enough to treat with the Southern rebels on the basis of a division of the Republic, but we did not suppose that even they were capable of going so far as to invite foreign Powers to aid them in this sacrilegious work. The other is simple treason, but this is an abjuration of every American feeling. It is not merely a desertion of the republic, but is a grovelling at the foot of thrones.

It suits Lord Lyons throughout the whole dispatch to style the party whose leaders had been in conference with him as the "Democratic" and "Conservative," and "Peace" party—and their opponents as "Radicals." This application of names is somewhat singular, but of little consequence. What deserves attention is the strong language he uses in respect to the determination of the supporters of the Administration and the friends of the war never to consent to "foreign intervention in any shape." It is as much a matter of pride to us that the War party had impressed his lordship with such a sense of their high, unflinching national spirit, as it is a matter of humiliation that the Peace party should have presented itself before him in such utter abjectness. If there is a particle of nobility in his nature—and we know there is much of it—it must have recoiled in loathing from creatures, calling themselves Americans, thus forward to barter away their birthright. Esau's venality in this line has been deemed about the worst on human record. But Esau did not first propose, he was solicited—and he sold to his brother, not to the Philistines.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE POSSIBLE SITUATION.

Two years have now been nearly spent, together with scores of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of money, and not spent entirely in vain. The nation has learnt, and the government has begun to know, that the rebels are in deadly earnest, and that they are not to be coaxed or cajoled back into the Union again. As a consequence of this growing intelligence, what should have been done at first has been done at last. The slaves in the rebel country are pronounced free and the negroes are to be armed and regimented and put into the field, as a part of the national force. Perhaps the country is more to blame than the government that these steps were not taken sooner. The latter, probably, reflected but too truly the average feeling at the North that the rebellion could be crushed out, the leaders punished, the masses pardoned, and the *status quo ante bellum* restored. Thanks to the persistency of the rebels, and to the ability with which their affairs have been conducted, this feeling has given way to a conviction that this work is not so easy as McClellan and Seward and their like believed it to be—which, perhaps, they still believe it to be. The scorn with which the rebels repay the Copperheaded loyalty of the North and West, and the contempt which they pour out on the heads of Caleb Cushing and Edward Everett, whom they take as the types of the men, who, from different motives, wish to patch up the Union again or to make it over again, all our readers have seen in our columns and elsewhere. This scorn and hatred is natural and necessary. The rebellion comes of scorn and hatred, and all that has occurred since it broke out has been of a kind to feed them into intenser life and strength. While the North has had to deny itself no luxuries and has been in a condition of inflated and bloated prosperity, the South has been through a discipline of want and penury, which, however beneficial it may be to the cultivation of patience and self-denial, is not sweetening to the temper or calming to the passions. Everything has worked differently from what they had expected, for the worse, while everything has worked together for our apparent prosperity, at least, and altogether diverse from our anticipations. It is not in the nature of things that they should regard any propositions for peace on the basis of reunion in any other light than insults heaped upon injuries.

The ultimate salvation of the country and the vindication of Republican government will be seen to have been owing, after time enough has passed away to make a calm retrospect possible, more to the obstinacy of the rebels than to the political virtue of the Unionists. That the former could have been restored to all their rights under the Constitution, slavery included, by simply asking for it and agreeing to keep the peace, at any time before the Proclamation of the First of January, is a patent fact. For it was stated to be such in the Proclamation of the Twenty-second of September, which went before its face. *The Tribune* thinks that they can still have such terms, merely for the asking, and that there is nothing to hinder the President from breaking his word, and the plighted faith of the nation, provided the rebels are content to come back on those simple conditions. But we are quite sure that the President's knowledge of law, to say nothing of his sense of morality and justice, will save him from any attempt to make three million of freemen, which all the persons now held in bondage in the rebel States now are in law, to make them slaves as the price of any supposed political advantage to the country. The situation has passed beyond that danger, we think, supposing it to have ever been a possible one. But if it ever had been possible, and still were, the rebels will save us from the necessity of encountering it. We believe that, sooner than return, except under the compulsion of conquest, to their old union with us, they will better our instructions and set their slaves free themselves, as an element of warfare against us. It is affirmed, with no inherent improbability, that sixteen thousand black troops are divided between Charleston and Savannah, in expectation of an attack on those cities. The pickets on the Potomac declare that they have had occular demonstration that black troops are used on that line of defence. The rebel Conscription has been exhaustive in its severity and has swept up in its net the whole fighting force of that region. If this be not sufficient to stay the advance of our armies and to secure their cities from capture, we may be sure they will not surrender as long as they can have half a million of black soldiers with no trouble of recruiting and no resistance of Conscription. We believe they will much sooner free their slaves to prevent our victory, than propose to return to the Union for the sake of keeping them in bondage.

Of course, there can be no doubt that the primary inspiration of the rebellion was the belief that independence would breathe a new life into the Slave System, and bring wealth and power, undreamed of before by avarice or ambition, to the slave masters. It was for material interests, mainly, that the rebellion was planned and begun. But in this revolution as in all others there is an element much stronger than material interests, and that is, human passions. Revolutions do not proceed forth from the pocket, but from the heart, of man. And when the passions are thoroughly aroused, the material interests, which, perhaps, first excited them, often disappear, swallowed up in the absorbing influences of passion. To hinder the enemy from carrying his point becomes a more prevailing consideration than the specific success originally aimed at. We think the rebels are fast reaching, if they have not already attained, this point. When the issue comes to be presented to their mind, of submission to the United States or the emancipation and arming of the negroes, we do not doubt what choice they would make in such an alternative. We have never questioned that, in the long run—perhaps in the short run—this war would result in the emancipation of the slaves. We have very seriously questioned whether it would end, also, in the salvation of the Union. We are now entering on the very most critical period of the conflict which is to settle this question. In many points of view, the prospect is hopeful. The rebels show no disposition to secure their mastery over their slaves by any advances towards reconciliation to the Union. They never seemed more resolute to insist on their independence than now. On the other hand, there is no serious disposition on the part of the Northern States to slacken in their determination to put down the rebellion and secure the territorial integrity of the country. We fear that the abnormal prosperity of the North is a not unimportant element in this resolute purpose. We should be afraid to guarantee an equal persistency had the consequences of the war been as fatal to Northern as they have been to Southern interests. But there is no disposition to relax the sinews of war. The longer it lasts, the more certain it is to end in the emancipation of the slaves, in one way or the other. Then the good conduct of the black soldiers before the enemy, and the readiness with which enlistments are making, are most hopeful signs of the impending change in the condition of their race.

There are but two ways in which this war can now end, as it seems to us. One is, the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy, through the acknowledged inability of the United States to prevent it. This we do not believe possible, excepting through the help of the slaves, freed and armed to fight on the side of their masters. This might be an effectual fighting of the fire we are hoping to kindle by an answering fire. If the masters adopt this policy, in good faith, and the negroes are convinced that the faith is good, we think the chances of subduing a people thus united would be very slender. But if, on the other hand, we do take the initiative, and throw a successful force of black troops, bearing with them the guarantee of freedom, into the heart of the thickest of the slave country, anticipating any plan of the kind on the part of the masters, we believe the victory would be assured to the nation. It is on the black allies that we shall have to depend for the final settlement of this contest. It is they that will decide which scale of battle shall mount and which subside. Should it incline in our favor, through the delays of the masters or the greater faith of the slaves in us, there will remain but one thing to do. It is, having conquered the rebel country, to treat it as insurrectionary districts are always treated by governments strong enough to subdue them. The leaders should be punished as traitors. The estates of the more prominent among them confiscated. All should be disarmed. Garrisons should be maintained at proper points, to preserve order, to secure the supremacy of the Courts of Justice, to protect black citizens and white strangers in the rights which they have never enjoyed in those regions. Above all, it will be the duty of the government to watch over the interests of the black citizens whom it has called into political existence, to see to it that they have fair play, an equal chance with their white neighbors, and perfect security in their persons and property. Until all these things are secured the government has no right to sheathe the sword. Not only has the President no legal or moral right to make slaves again of the men whom he has made free, he has neither moral nor legal right to make peace, until they are secured in that liberty wherewith he has made them free, and all its incidents. It is a great work which attends the nation, in the event of the victory which it has now a right to hope for. But it is the most glorious and beneficent of tasks. It is nothing less than the reorganization and regeneration of a state of society dead through trespasses and sins, and bringing it up to the point of good government, social safety and general prosperity and happiness. This done, a few years would suffice to heal the wound this cruel war has inflicted, and to present the nation to the eyes of mankind as the most prosperous, powerful and glorious empire that the world has ever seen.

SOJOURNER TRUTH.—Since printing Mrs. Stowe's sketch of this remarkable woman, we have received (through a friend in Chester Co., Pa.) a letter from Mrs. Phebe Stickney, of Battle Creek, Mich., to Joseph A. Dugdale, of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, from which we copy as follows:

"At the request of our dear friend, Sojourner Truth, I write to thee and thine to solicit a little assistance for her. She is now with us, and has many friends, and all are trying to do a little for her. She is, this Winter, quite feeble, not able, by selling her book, to supply herself with the many little comforts that an aged and feeble person needs. She thought that if her many friends elsewhere only knew how grateful she would be for a little remembrance which would 'help her to live a little longer to praise God and speak to de people a few more times in this glorious day of emancipation,' they would gladly do something for her. She says if thee would only get a few friends to put a little together for her, she would ever remember it in this world, and return an hundred fold in the next. I write this with Sojourner at my side, and at her request. She is very poorly, and probably won't live long."

Friends in Iowa and in Pennsylvania have responded to this appeal, and if others are moved to do so, they can send their contributions to F. G. Stickney, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE PHILADELPHIA FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will hold an adjourned annual meeting on THURSDAY, the 9th inst., at 3½ p.m., when the Corresponding Secretary, Miss MARY GREW, will read the Annual Report. This announcement will no doubt ensure a full attendance, not only of members of the Society, but of other friends of the cause.

THE NATION'S PLEDGE OF FREEDOM.

WE took occasion last week to protest against *The Tribune's* strange declaration, that the President "is at perfect liberty" to withdraw the Proclamation of Freedom, if the rebel States are willing, on that condition, "to return to loyalty, to elect members to the next Congress, and to fulfil every constitutional obligation." It pains us to observe that *The Tribune* adheres to this doctrine, in spite of the earnest protestations of its long-tried friends, and in the face, as it seems to us, of all its most sacred traditions and of the principles of which it has been a foremost champion. On Monday last it cited, as "An Instructive Precedent," favoring its view of the question, the action of the British government, at the end of the Revolutionary war, in view of the Proclamations of the Royal Governors, offering freedom to slaves. Having shown the action of the British government in relation to the demands of American slaveholders for compensation for slaves taken away during the war, *The Tribune* says:

"If it were held at that day, on either side of the Atlantic, that the British were bound by the Emancipating Proclamations of their Governors or Generals to continue the war until every negro were absolutely set free, or that their obligations to those slaves who *did not* quit their rebel masters for the British service were just the same as to those who did, then we are in darkness on that point."

Here it is plainly assumed or implied that the obligations incurred in the Emancipating Proclamations of the British were as broad as those involved in the President's Proclamation of January 1st. It is just here that *The Tribune* is involved "in darkness"; in proof of which we appeal to the record.

The British government was bound to fulfil the promise it made to the slaves—no more, no less. If it failed to do that, it was guilty of perfidy, and its example cannot be pleaded as a precedent by the United States. What was that promise? Did Gov. Dunmore declare all the slaves within certain territorial limits unconditionally free, and pledge the power of the British government to "maintain" that freedom? Not at all. Here are his words:

"I do hereby further declare all indentured servants, negroes or others (appertaining to rebels) free, that are able and willing to bear arms, *they joining his Majesty's troops, as soon as may be*," etc.—*Gov. Dunmore's Proclamation of Nov. 7, 1775.*

The promise of freedom, it will be seen, was made only to such slaves as should, "as soon as may be," join the British army. No obligation whatever was assumed in respect to any other class of slaves; and this, we take it, is quite sufficient to account for the fact that nobody at that day, on either side of the Atlantic, held that the British government was bound "to continue the war until every negro was absolutely set free." Such an opinion, in the face of the terms employed in the Proclamation of Gov. Dunmore, would indeed have been preposterous.

The government of the United States is also bound to fulfil its promise—no more, no less. What *is* that promise? Is it merely to assure the freedom of such slaves as actually leave their rebel masters and come within the Union lines? On the contrary, it is an unconditional promise to give freedom to *all* the slaves within certain defined boundaries. In the Proclamation of Sept. 22, the President said:

"On the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, *all persons* held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, SHALL BE THEN, THENCEFORWARD AND FOREVER FREE; and the Executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, WILL RECOGNIZE AND MAINTAIN THE FREEDOM OF SUCH PERSONS," etc.

And in the Proclamation of January 1st, after reciting the above declaration, and after designating "the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof are in rebellion," the President solemnly says:

"I do order and declare that *all persons held as slaves* within said designated States, and parts of States, ARE AND HENCEFORWARD SHALL BE FREE! and that the Executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, WILL RECOGNIZE AND MAINTAIN THE FREEDOM OF SAID PERSONS."

And, as if to give this pledge to the slaves the sacred character of an oath, he adds:

"And, upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

If this does not bind the Executive, in fixing the terms of peace with the rebels, to "recognize and maintain the freedom" of all the slaves within the territory thus defined, then surely it would be impossible to express such an obligation in the English language. If there is any ground for a difference of opinion upon this point, we are unable to see it; and if the President shall unfortunately, following the strange counsel of *The Tribune*, make peace with the men-stealers, leaving their victims still under the lash, he will consign his own name to infamy, and involve his country in a crime which cannot fail to bring down upon it the scorn of the whole civilized world and the righteous judgments of God.

Some of the writers in *The Tribune*, in their efforts to refute the doctrine of the Editor, have made "a muddle" of the question by making it the occasion for bringing forward certain theories of constitutional interpretation, which, whether true or false, seem to us to have no *immediate* practical bearing upon the subject. The President has announced the freedom of the slaves, not in the exercise of his civil authority as defined in the Constitution, but as a military act; hence, in measuring the obligations thereby assumed, we must refer to the terms of his Proclamation, not to controverted questions of constitutional law. It is enough, it seems to us, to hold the President and the Nation to the declaration, solemnly made, in the presence of God and all mankind, that the slaves of the rebel States "shall be *then*, THENCEFORWARD and FOREVER FREE," and to the pledge that "the Executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, WILL RECOGNIZE AND MAINTAIN THE FREEDOM OF SUCH PERSONS." If this oath of the Nation shall ever be broken, or if the States, after the Union has been restored, shall attempt to reëstablish slavery, it will be time enough to consider what remedies the Constitution affords for such a crime. To turn aside from the plain issue presented in the Proclamation, and look for safety to constitutional theories at war with the traditions of the nation and to an unbroken line of judicial precedents, seems to us the height of absurdity and folly.

MANCHESTER LADIES' ANTI-SLAVERY COMMITTEE.

MANCHESTER, Eng., March 12, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I ENCLOSE a copy of a resolution passed by the "Manchester Ladies' Anti-Slavery Committee." Should you think proper to give it a place in THE STANDARD, I shall be very glad.

Yours, respectfully, REBECCA WHITELEGGE.

Resolved, That the Manchester Ladies' Anti-Slavery Committee, having read Miss Cobbe's spirited and intelligent "Rejoinder" to Mrs. Stowe's Reply to the Address of the Women of England, desire to testify their approval and adoption of the sentiments it contains; that, while lamenting the general sympathy of the English with the Confederate States, they consider it attributable, in great part, to the difficulty of discerning that the Federal government was actuated by true anti-slavery principle, but, they joyfully hail the earnest and almost universal revival of anti-slavery feeling in this country, now that the American government has adopted measures unmistakably tending towards total emancipation.

On behalf of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society,

R. WHITELEGGE, Sec'y.

COTTON-GROWING IN ILLINOIS.—A friend in Illinois writes us as follows: "I spent last Fall at Carbondale, "Egypt," 50 miles north of Cairo. The people of this section, off the railroad, are mostly from the South, and of the lowest grade of humanity. There are many families who have been there twenty years, and who have raised and spun the cotton they wear. They say it is a sure crop. They can grow a third part as much on the same ground as they can further South, and of as good quality. At my son's shop, his steam-engine ran a cotton-gin last Fall, which cleaned about sixteen thousand pounds of unginned cotton, of which seven-eighths were used by those who raised it, and the other eighth was sent to the New York market. There will be ten times as much raised this year. In fact, the State of Illinois can raise for a number of years as much cotton annually as all the slave States have ever raised. I mean, we have the land and the climate, if we plant and cultivate it. At fifteen cents a pound it is a better crop than corn."

PERSONAL.

Gen. Carl Schurz, though not fully recovered from the illness which compelled him to ask a furlough for a season, has resumed his command.

Rev. Charles G. Finney, President of Oberlin College, has so far recovered his health as to resume his full labors as Pastor and Professor.

No appointment will be made to fill the vacancy in the Faculty of Oberlin College caused by Prof Monroe's absence as Foreign Consul. His duties have been divided up among the other Professors.

Martin Farquhar Tupper has written to beg that the President will refrain from using the *guillotines* he has imported to decapitate the rebels. The blunder, says the Springfield *Republican*, is excusable on his part; what might he not be prepared to expect from a people who had bought five hundred thousand copies of his own Proverbial Philosophy?

Rev. M. D. Conway, one of the editors of the Boston *Commonwealth*, is going to England in a few days with the purpose of spending the Summer there in lecturing in behalf of the anti-slavery and Union cause in America. His expenses are paid by some of his friends, earnest anti-slavery loyalists of Boston.

A letter from Rev. E. H. Chapin was read to his congregation last Sunday. It was dated at Florence, Feb. 28th, and gave an encouraging account of his state of health. While abroad he has been both delighted and disgusted—delighted with the sights presented to his view, and disgusted with the many persons he meets who, having left America, have had the loyal gold washed away by the ocean they have crossed, leaving exposed the secession brass. He states that he expects to return in September next, when, if he is spared till then, those who are so anxious for his return will no doubt be amply repaid for the deprivation they have undergone during his absence.

Col. D. R. Anthony (brother of Susan B.) has been nominated as the Republican candidate for Mayor of Leavenworth, Kansas, and will probably be elected by a large majority. The Leavenworth *Conservative* says: "We don't think Anthony will ever need a special police. He is himself a police force of one hundred men, and can back down and drag out that number of rebels, thieves or outlaws, before breakfast, with a very slight exertion, and with no expense to the city. His energy and determination will save us thousands of dollars in taxes. Col. Anthony is a worker, and will devote all his energies to the advancement of the city in which we all take so much pride."

We copy, on the first page, from the Hartford *Press* a notice of a political lecture delivered in that city by Miss Anna E. Dickinson. From the Concord (N. H.) *Independent Democrat* of the 26th ult. we copy the following:

"Miss Dickinson spoke in the Universalist church in this city, on Friday evening last. The church was crowded to its fullest capacity, and many were compelled to stand during the lecture. Her subject was "Plain Talk," and as far as that was concerned, there could be no mistake. The drift of her argument was in favor of woman's rights, and she handled the subject in a masterly manner, and spoke with as much power as she did in her speeches during the campaign. Yet the subject was one in which many did not become so interested as they do in a campaign speech. The advocates of woman's rights meet with

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March 29, 1863.

THERE is something a little remarkable in the display of confidence in the government in Wall street during the last week. I believe the government itself has been astounded at it. Here are men who, two months ago, flouted government securities, would not touch the very bonds which sell to-day at 105 at 94, and even began to talk of refusing to take government currency as on a par with the bank shinplasters. They now want government stocks, believe in the government and its ability to crush the rebellion, have doubts about the worth of ordinary stocks, dislike to hold coin lest the premium shall tumble far below forty, and are really acting somewhat like patriotic men. Why is it? We have now no great victory, have really now no decided success in any quarter, yet the men of money are willing to risk half their estates on the ability of the goverument to put down the rebellion. There is something wonderful in all this, inasmuch as the cause is not apparent. The truth of the matter, however, is, that Mr. Chase is at the bottom of this improved state of feeling in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. It is he who has set gold at its downward antics, and not any of our Generals. The moment that the high premium upon gold was abated, the brokers, bankers and merchants began to believe in the Secretary of the Treasury and in the government. If they could not see the force of ideas and principles, they certainly could the panic caused by the promulgation of Mr. Chase's financial plans.

This, if not the era of good feeling, is certainly the era of wholesome confidence in the government. It behooves cautious men not to depend too much upon it, but to expect a worse condition of things, and if it never arrives to be very thankful. It is more than probable that two months hence Wall street will have the blues, and will lose a portion of its confidence in the government. But brave men, whether in or out of the army, will not cower or tremble because of it. The rebellion is not yet put down, nor will it be easily put down. There is really no reason to expect that it will be put down by the military operations of the Spring. It might have been done if the government had followed Horace Greeley's advice two months ago, and called out more troops then and concentrated all within its control upon the right points. But it did nothing of the kind. Nevertheless, we shall win some success this Spring, but not enough to end the rebellion. Next Fall, and in the early Winter, with the new troops added to such portions of the present army as will remain in the field, the contest may be, and let us hope *will be* finished by the overthrow of the rebels and slavery. But before that we shall have a season of depression and discouragement. The really loyal and brave-hearted people of this country will not care for that, but in the midst of this flood-tide of confidence and good feeling let it be remembered that a more trying time is possibly at hand, in which the spirits must not be permitted to droop. The thought that this season followed up one of deep dejection in the public mind should be sufficient to restore confidence in the future.

It may seem as if I were uttering unwise forebodings of the future, but that is far from my purpose. My desire simply is that the public shall be prepared, in case of a lack of immediate military success, for a further season of waiting and patience. *The end is sure!* We are going to triumph over the hosts of slavery in the end. A thousand new facts have been developed within a month, which add to the column of evidence showing the superiority of the government over the rebels, and the ability of the people of the free States to conquer and subjugate the South and slavery.

Of late there has been a cessation of the rumors that the President was about to change his course and policy on the slavery question. He has *not* so changed, and anti-slavery men here have a perfect confidence in him that he will never change his policy any more than his convictions respecting the institution of slavery. If he is a little slow in carrying into practice his own theories (and he certainly is), he is not going backwards but is gradually advancing. One fears most the influence of a class of men like John Van Buren. They go in for the war, and are friendly to the President, but they ridicule all Emancipation proclamations. These men are dangerous, and the President should not take their advice on any question connected with that of slavery. An attempt has been made, and is not yet abandoned, to unite the so-called conservative wing of the Republican party with the loyal wing of the Democratic organization into one grand war party, with Mr. Lincoln at its head, but Mr. Lincoln will not be placed in such an attitude before the country. Mr. Seward would like to organize such a party. Thurlow Weed is at the work now, but he will not succeed in his endeavors. The President at one time might have been glad to have aided in building up such a party, but not now. The time has passed away forever. He is a slow man, a very cautious statesman, and in consequence not equal to great times and occasions, *but he does not take backward steps.* I think everybody who has watched his course is convinced of this fact. He will not take a pro-slavery position unless the nation drives him into it, and the people are not retrograding on the subject of slavery. I feel confident on this point, and still it is one that will bear close watching. Busy men and corrupt are at work here and over the country, and they should be watched. We are about to have a grand Union meeting in the Hall of Representatives—for what purpose I cannot see, unless it be to give the Union men a little aid in the municipal elections next June, and the time is too far off to gain much by public meetings of this kind. Among the advertised speakers I see the names of but few radicals. George Ashmun represents Massachusetts while such a man as Charles Sumner still remains in town! Who is George Ashman? He is well-known to be an attorney here who has always some axe to grind—some case in court. Why he should lecture the people of Washington upon the war I know not, nor can I see why such a man as Charles Sumner should have been overlooked or neglected when speakers were engaged. Likely enough he would have declined the invitation, but it would look well to see a few more names among the speakers of men who are radically opposed to any compromise whatever with slavery.

Mr. Sumner still lingers here. Mr. Lovejoy continues very ill at the house of Mrs. Bailey. Mr. Colfax has a sick wife here, and cannot get away if he would.

AVON.

LETTER FROM SYRACUSE.

SYRACUSE, March 27, 1863.

DEAR FRIEND: I am happy to inform you that there was no disturbance at the meetings held in this city by Mr. Douglass, for the purpose of enlisting colored soldiers for the Massachusetts 54th regiment.

The Mayor, D. Bookstaver, Esq., assured the minister of the "African Church" that the proposed meeting should be protected. The Chief of the Police, Mr. T. Davis, who is a very efficient officer, assured me that any attempt to disturb the meeting should be promptly put down. This determination of our new city government became generally known, and the ill-disposed persons were deterred from making any disturbance.

Yours truly, SAMUEL J. MAY.

P. S. Mr. Douglass has been quite successful in his efforts amongst our colored people. Twenty-five of them (a large proportion of the men of suitable age) enlisted. All but two of them have passed the required examination, and are on the way to the rendezvous of the regiment in the good Old Bay State—mother of heroes, historians, poets, orators and Abolitionists. S. J. M.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for April (New York: John F. Trow, 50 Greene street, and Sinclair Toucey, 118 Nassau street) contains the usual variety, as follows: The Wonders of Words; The Chech; Pictures from the North; The New Rasselas; The Chained River, by Charles Godfrey Leland; How the War Affects Americans, by Hon. F. P. Stanton; Promoted; Henrietta and Vulcan, by Delia M. Colton; Ethel, by Martha W. Cook; The Sceptics of the Waverly Novels, by Charles Godfrey Leland; A Merchant's Story, by Edmund Kirke; A Chapter on Wonders, by Perth Granton; The Return, by Edward Sprague Rand, Jr.; The Union, by Hon. Robert J. Walker; Down-in Tennessee; Poetry and Poetical Selections; Flag of our Sires, by Hon. Robert J. Walker; A Fancy Sketch; Our Present Position, its Dangers and Duties; The Complaining Bore; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

South Carolina Correspondence.

PARIS ISLAND, S. C., March 17, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I RECEIVED yesterday, from Beaufort, the six boxes sent from the Anti-Slavery Office to me per ship Arago, through the New York Freedmen's Association, and to-day have been as busy as the blackbirds in the newly spaded ground of our garden, opening, assorting and examining.

First, came a barrel of excellent and useful articles from Polly Clarke, accompanied by a line from William Anderson, of New London, Ct., saying that Polly Clarke is "a colored woman who once lived in the South and knows the condition of things there." She has our gratitude for her effort.

2d. A bundle from Mrs. Sarah Russell May, of Leicester, Mass. In a line accompanying the goods she apologizes for her empty treasury; but if the good things sent be an evidence of emptiness, commend us to the word hereafter as significant of exuberant fulness.

3d. A large box from Hopedale, Mass., and a letter from Anna T Draper and Charlotte A. Joy. Do such boxes grow ready packed in Hopedale, and does money bud and bloom on Hopedale shrubs and trees? Hope and Joy will ring over all our five plantations by and bye. Pandora's box was not like this. Hope lingered at the bottom in that; but hope fills this capital big box to overflowing. No flimsy finery, no worthless rags—good from top to bottom.

4th. A box of new goods in the piece, from New Bedford, Mass., and a note from Annie T. Wall. She says: "We regret it is so little." Dear Annie, we rejoice it is so much and so good. I have handled over New Bedford contributions before. They are always of the best.

5th. Mrs. Mary E. Stearns, of Medford, Mass., sends me a note, saying, "She has filled a half barrel, which she hopes will supply a thousandth part of a want." Bless her heart,-she does not know how many big *wants* a half barrel will supply among these people, who have borne the cross of slavery. But her half barrel was full, every crack and cranny of it, of useful things.

One large box seemed to have no starting-point. But among the garments I discovered marked clothing from Herkimer Co., N. Y. Little things tell tales.

In one of the packages was a bundle done up in a newspaper with a label on which was written with a trembling hand:

"This bundle is from a lady 81 years old. She wishes them to be worn by some good old colored woman. Yours, very truly,

"MISS MARY CHASE."

Dear aged friend, your wish shall be religiously complied with. Old Lydia came from Africa, she says, "just after the big war, long, long ago." I asked her, "How large were you then, Lydia?" "Me big so," she replied, "holding her hand to the top of her head, and looking up with a merry twinkle in her dim eyes; "old enough to be courted long time, missis." I did not ask if the ruthless hand of the slave-trader had crushed that early love; for, surrounded as she now is by children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, and "some on 'em wid secesh," it did not seem well to stir up old memories just then. These neat articles will answer the demand made only yesterday. "Missis, old Lydia like to have good clothes to wear to de meeting Sundays; can't go praise God in dese old rags. Massa allers gib old Lydia Sunday gown."

The seventh box was a personal matter, but deserves mention. It came from the "Emporium of Fashion," 473 Broadway, New York. A riding dress and hat, and a walking dress, made up in the neatest manner, for my humble self, and accompanying them a series of well cut patterns for women and children's clothes for the use of the Freed people of the Island, who, most of them, until recently, have never been allowed to fashion a garment for themselves. Dear Madam Demorest! Not even the bride of Gen. Tom Thumb was more proud on her wedding-day of her splendid attire than will be some of these dark-browed children of the Island in sacks cut by your excellent patterns. The articles for myself have but one fault. They are *too good for me.* But I will try hard *to be* good enough for them. May Madam have all the patronage she desires so long as she, as now, forgets not the poor or despised, while catering to the fashion and extravagance of Broadway.

And now, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, let me return thanks in behalf of the colored people of Paris Island. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me," said one of old, who went about doing good. Let me say, in conclusion, that among all the boxes sent to the office of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD—in answer to that appeal for ONE box—I have not found one useless article. The spirit of a true Christianity was apparent in them. If every garment had been a personal gift, I could not be more grateful to the friends of the Freedmen.

Truly yours, FRANCES D. GAGE.

P. S. To the kindness of friends I am indebted for many personal favors, which I have acknowledged in private. F. D. G.

STUDENT'S BOOK-HOLDER.—Dr. Dio Lewis, Principal of the Boston Normal Institute of Physical Education, observing how scholars and others compress the chest and grow round-shouldered from the habit of leaning forward in studying or reading, has invented a simple machine to remedy the evil. It is called "The Student's Book-holder," and is designed to place the book at such an angle before the face as to compel the reader to sit upright. This object is effected by a frame, 18 inches long and 8 inches wide, resembling a ladder, on which to place the book, and which, by a simple contrivance, may be brought to any desired angle of elevation. This frame being placed on the table or desk, the book may be adjusted to its proper place in a moment; the body having no weight to carry, and the hands being left entirely free. The frame is large enough to hold two books, so that the student may, if necessary, keep his dictionary constantly before him, and without lifting it turn over its leaves. The books, resting upon sliding horizontal bars, are held open by a very simple contrivance, which interposes no obstacle to the turning of the leaves. Relieved by this means of the weight of the book, one may read all day without wearying the muscles of the arms and shoulders, and without that compression of the chest, which results from leaning forward, and often leads to the most fatal consequences.

"COMMUNIPAW," the London correspondent of the Boston *Post*, says that the reaction in England, in favor of the North, is so great that it will not be four months at the rate the change of public opinion is going on, before from half to two-thirds of the English people will be on the side of the Union. Referring to this revolution in public sentiment, *The Post's* correspondent says:

"There is a complete change in public opinion growing up, based on Emancipation. Call it absurd, call it fanatical, call it what you please, the anti-slavery spirit here is voting Secesh a bore, a fallacy and a swindle. There is a large National Emancipation Society here in London, that numbers many leading men, and there are also local Emancipation Societies in Liverpool, Manchester, and other places, and they are all having meetings, and they exercise great influence. The movement is best illustrated by the rolling up of a large snowball; it gathers bulk and weight as it proceeds. Even *The Times* is forced to notice the current of popular opinion. One of the speakers at the Emancipation meeting at St. James' Hall this week, in alluding to the attention shown Mr. Mason, the Secesh Embassador, who was invited to dine with the Lord Mayor, said that we could not find in the infamous annals of the Newgate Calendar so infamous a man as the Embassador of Jeff. Davis. Rather strong language this, but it was received with applause."

RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.—The election in Rhode Island on Wednesday resulted in the complete discomfiture of the Copperheads. The Republican Unionists elected their State ticket (James Y. Smith, Governor) by 2,800 majority, and both their candidates for Congress (Thomas A. Jenckes and Nathan F. Dixon). They also have a large majority in both branches of the Legislature.

FOR MRS. GAGE.—We have received donations in money and goods, since last acknowledgment, as follows:

Avails of an entertainment given by the young people of Hopedale, Mass., through Miss Lizzie B. Humphrey,	$21 00
Miss Annie Anthony, Brooklyn,	3 00
Martha L. Swan, Cummington, Mass.,	4 00
Box of clothing from ladies of Cummington, Mass.	
Box of clothing and seeds from Elias Richards, Weymouth, Mass.	
Bundle of clothing from the Misses Harley, New York.	

THE LITTLE MARKET WOMAN AND HER LITTLE DOG—a comic song, sung by Bryant's Minstrels—words by Mother Goose, music by W. H. B.—published by Firth, Pond & Co., 547 Broadway.

A PROCLAMATION

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

WHEREAS the Senate of the United States, devoutly recognizing the supreme authority and just government of Almighty God, in all the affairs of men and nations, has, by a resolution, requested the President to designate and set apart a day for national prayer and humiliation:

And whereas it is the duty of nations, as well as of men, to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God, to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon, and to recognize the sublime truths announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history, that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord:

And, insomuch as we know that, by His divine law, nations, like individuals, are subjected to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war, which now desolates the land, may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people? We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven. We have been preserved, these many years, in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth and power as no other nation has ever grown. But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us; and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us!

It behooves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness.

Now, therefore, in compliance with the request, and fully concurring in the views of the Senate, I do, by this my proclamation, designate and set apart Thursday, the 30th day of April, 1863, as a day of national humiliation, fasting and prayer. And I do hereby request all the people to abstain from their ordinary secular pursuits, and to unite, at their several places of public worship and their respective homes, in keeping the day holy to the Lord, and devoted to the humble discharge of the religious duties proper to that solemn occasion.

All this being done in sincerity and truth, let us, then, rest humbly in the hope, authorized by the Divine teachings, that the united cry of the nation will be heard on high, and answered with blessings, no less than the pardon of our national sins, and restoration of our now divided and suffering country to its former happy condition of unity and peace.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this thirtieth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand [L. S.] eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

Advices received in Washington from Fortress Monroe confirm the statement that the rebel government is removing from Richmond all its military supplies. Gen. Dix, it is said, is of the opinion that the rebels are preparing to leave Richmond, and has so informed the Washington authorities.

Arrangements are completed for the exchange of all Union officers held by the rebels. Surg.-Gen. Hammond has instructed the surgeons in charge of hospitals to send to Baltimore immediately all rebel officers able to be removed, preparatory to sending them to City Point for exchange.

It is said that the President positively refuses for the present to grant authority to raise more negro regiments.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

The latest news from Vicksburg *viâ* Memphis and Cairo confirms the rebel news of the attempt of two of our vessels to pass the batteries at Vicksburg, and the sinking of one of them. The attempt, it appears, was made by the rams Lancaster and Switzerland. A heavy fire was opened upon them by the rebel batteries. The Lancaster was struck thirty times, and her entire bow was shot away, causing her to sink immediately, and to turn a complete summerset when she went down. All the crew except two, however, escaped. The Switzerland was disabled by a shot in her steam drum, but she floated past the batteries, and was taken in tow by the Albatross, one of Admiral Farragut's vessels. The loss of life on board her is not known. There is also a partial confirmation of the rebel report that the expedition to the rear of Haines's Bluff had met with obstructions, and had turned back. It is said to have returned to Young's Point. There is nothing definite from the Yazoo Pass expedition, though we have a rebel dispatch stating that our forces have again appeared in front of Fort Pemberton, and that firing was heard on the afternoon of the 24th ult. The canal at Lake Providence is a success, and our transports can pass around the rebel batteries at Vicksburg. The canal opposite the city, too, will no doubt be perfectly successful. Notwithstanding the efforts of rebel artillerymen to obstruct the work upon it, the excavation of the lower end was proceeding rapidly, two dredging-machines being constantly at work.

We have New Orleans news to the 23d inst., embracing particulars of the movements of Gen. Banks and Admiral Farragut, and the loss of the Mississippi. In general facts, the statements do not differ materially from what we have already published. Gen. Banks moved up from Baton Rouge, not to attack but to threaten the rebels at Port Hudson, and make a diversion which would favor the passage of the fleet. He was successful in this, and immediately returned to Baton Rouge. His men were greatly disappointed at being ordered to return without having a fight. On the water the work was very exciting; the Hartford first passed the batteries unharmed, although the firing was terrific; the Richmond got a shot through her steam-chest, and had to float down stream, having three men killed and ten wounded—the vessel was only partially disabled. The Monongahela was forced back with six killed and twenty wounded. The Mississippi got aground, and after a desperate fight was set on fire and abandoned by her officers—loss about 65 in all; the vessel was entirely destroyed. The Albatross passed the batteries sheltered under the port side of the Hartford. Beside a smart cavalry skirmish at Berwick Bay, we find but little else of important consequence in the news.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

A COLORED ASPIRANT FOR MEDICAL HONORS.—Several days since, the Medical Department received an application from a person in Canada to be examined before the Medical Examining Board, in session in this city, preparatory to entering the medical corps of the army. Permission was of course granted, and the applicant told to come on and be examined. Before going before the Board it was necessary that the "permit" should be indorsed by Dr. Smith, who did so without hesitation—the papers being handed to him by a respectable-looking colored man, who he supposed was the would-be Doctor's servant, never dreaming that the colored gentleman was himself the candidate. With the "permit" he presented himself to Dr. Clymer, and asked to be examined, and appeared to by very much astonished when he found that it was not the custom of the Board to examine colored men for admission into the medical corps. The permission which he received from the Medical Department has been sent to the Secretary of War, with the request that it be revoked. Opinion is divided here as to the action which Mr. Stanton will take in this novel but inevitable case.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

NEGRO-HUNTING WITHIN OUR LINES.—*Washington, Tuesday, March 24, 1863.*—Letters from the hospitals at Point Lookout, Md., say that the slave-catcher has recently made his appearance there. Months ago, persons calling themselves masters claimed as their own negroes who had escaped from Virginia as well as those who had the misfortune to belong to Maryland plantations. But under General orders issued in conformity with a law of Congress, no officer dared to surrender them. A few weeks since, a detachment of the "Lost Children" regiment stationed at this post was relieved by the "Second Eastern Shore Home Guard," under the immediate command of Col. Rogers, and the superior command of Brig.-Gen. Lockwood, who spends a large part of his time at the Point. Soon after the arrival of this regiment a negro-hunter made his appearance in quest, not of a fugitive, but of a "thief," the slaves he sought having taken from their masters a boat in which to make their escape. The officer of the day was sent with a squad of men to hunt up the culprits, but was unable to find them, the law-abiding convalescent soldiers of the hospitals having found means to secrete them. Other so-called masters were more successful, having decoyed their prey beyond the lines, they laid in wait for them, and carried them off. Several instances of this have taken place. We hear that Gen. Lockwood, when remonstrated with on the subject, declared that, in allowing these things to be done, he is acting in strict conformity with General Orders from Gen. Schenck, the commander of the Department. Those who know Gen. Schenck, and who remember the campaign of Gen. Lockwood on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, find it difficult to credit this assertion.—*Wash Cor. Tribune.*

SHOCKING INHUMANITY.—The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, writing from Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 16th, tells the following tale: "A day or two since, I was passing along one of the streets of Murfreesboro, when I heard an individual, holding the position of waggon-master, and by some strange mistake exhibiting the color and features of a white man cursing, in the most shocking terms, a poor negro who was endeavoring to replace the hind feet of a mule between traces out of which it had kicked. The animal was stubborn and fractious; the negro was evidently doing his best; but for some moments his efforts were vain. All the while the blaspheming brute standing by was discharging a volley of oaths; until at last he seized a huge stone and threw it with all his might at the helpless object of his wrath. The stone struck the poor colored man's head, and gashed it open for several inches, so that the blood trickled all over his neck and face. Not a word of reproach did the negro utter. He did not even cast a look of anger at his tormentor; but when the brute was gone, he walked away, tearful and sobbing, to seek some one who would dress his frightful wound. Not the slightest provocation had been given for the outrage. It was a clear case of strength and devilish malignity tyrannizing over the innocent and the weak. Even a bad man may be brave, and hurl himself like an Ajax against the strong; but the wretch who insults, abuses or outrages the feeble and defenceless, is not merely a bad man—he is a wicked, mean, low-spirited coward. I am sure that if such an instance of infamous cruelty and wrong as that I have mentioned were brought to the notice of Gen. Rosecrans, his keen sense of right and justice would not suffer the perpetrator to go unpunished."

THE OPERATIONS OF THE BLACK TROOPS IN FLORIDA.—The following is Gen. Saxton's official report of the operations of the black troops in Florida:

BEAUFORT, S. C., March 14, 1863.

Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

SIR: I have the honor to report that the expedition which I sent up the St. John's River, Florida, consisting of the 1st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, Col. T. W. Higginson commanding, and a portion of the 2d South Carolina Volunteers, under Col. Montgomery, captured and took possession of Jacksonville on Tuesday, the 10th inst. As I stated in my last report to you, the object of this expedition was to occupy Jacksonville, and make it the base of operations for arming the negroes, and securing, in this way, possession of the entire State of Florida.

It gives me pleasure to report that so far the objects of the expedition have been fully accomplished. The town is completely in our possession, and many prisoners.

There has been constant skirmishing going on for several days, and in every action the negro troops have behaved with the utmost bravery. Never in a single instance can I learn that they have flinched. It is my belief that scarcely an incident in this war has caused a greater panic throughout the whole Southern coast than this raid of the colored troops in Florida. The negroes are collecting at Jacksonville from all quarters.

I am sir, with great respect,

R. SAXTON, Brig.-Gen. Vols.

The Washington *Star*, hitherto one of the most bitter opponents of the policy of employing negroes as soldiers, editorially says:

"We learned from Assistant Adjutant-Gen. Townsend, on his return from the Department of South Carolina, facts concerning the condition of the first regiment of the kind brought into the field that prepared us to hear at a later day of the success of the experiment. Col. Townsend assured us that they were remarkably well-drilled, cleanly and obedient troops, evincing a condition of discipline that augured well for their efficiency before the enemy. Already we have news that they are satisfactorily fulfilling these expectations. So far, their first expedition into the interior has been a complete success, for they had, when last heard from, accomplished everything hoped for to the time from them, and, besides, had so conducted themselves in the rebel country as to prove that, so far as they are concerned, the apprehensions entertained by many that wherever they penetrated, indiscriminate rapine, arson and murder of defenceless non-combatants would attend their footsteps, were utterly groundless. On the contrary, it turns out that the United States has no more orderly and well-conducted troops in the service than this same negro regiment. It is due to the truth and the cause that these facts should be promptly realized by the country at large, as, if successful, the policy must be of great importance to weakening the rebels and strengthening the Union cause. The good conduct of these troops, and their success in the field, seem to bid fair rapidly to dissipate popular prejudice against their employment, while they will also be the means of inducing nearly all the able-bodied contrabands to enlist in our service as fast as they escape from the clutches of the rebels."

Hilton Head, March 26, 1863.—The First South Carolina Volunteers have not been captured, have not been shot, have not been sold into slavery and the proceeds placed to the credit of the rebel government, in spite of all *The Herald*, through its rebel correspondents, may say about it.

It was a goodly sight, yesterday, to see a rebel officer and five privates, under a strong guard of black troops, march up the long wharf at Hilton Head and turn in the direction of the Provost-Marshal's office. The moment it was whispered about headquarters that the steamer Boston had arrived from Jacksonville with rebel soldiers on board, captured by the negroes, the curiosity to see these dusky heroes was intense. All at once every office window was black with heads and shoulders, each striving with the other to catch the least glimpse of the procession, for procession it became, as wharf hands and laborers of all classes crowded around and followed the black guard with the rebel prisoners. Said an old pro-slavery government officer and original McClellan *claquer* from the army of the Potomac to me, "the black hounds do look like soldiers in spite of all we may say against them, and I for one would not care to meet them in battle."

Although no important engagement has taken place between the negro troops under the command of Col. Higginson and the rebel forces near Jacksonville, it has been fully demonstrated for the second time that, in the performance of skirmishing and picket duty, they display as much courage and skill as white soldiers. Since they landed at Jacksonville, they have taken two rebel officers—one a nephew of the thief Floyd—and twenty privates, and have not lost a man as prisoner, and but two have been killed in battle. The rebel prisoners brought down yesterday acknowledge that they have lost in killed and wounded about forty.

Col. Rust of the 8th Maine, with his own regiment and the 6th Connecticut, left Beaufort Harbor last Saturday for Jacksonville, where he arrived on the following morning. The best feeling prevails between the black and white soldiers. On Sunday they worshipped together in the Episcopal Church at Jacksonville—the blacks occupying one side of the church, and the whites the other; but, although separated by the main isle, blended their voices in the beautiful services of the Church.

It is thought the force now concentrated at Jacksonville will be sufficiently strong to accomplish all that Gen. Hunter originally designed by the movement. The rebels are thought to have but 1,500 men between Jacksonville and Tallahassee. If so, we may soon expect to hear of a handsome victory achieved by black and white national soldiers.

Below I hand you General Order No. 24. It has created considerable commotion among the negroes in the service of sutlers and traders, but once told that they must shoulder the musket, they manifested less disinclination than many whites at the North. The 3d South Carolina Regiment is being rapidly organized at Beaufort under the Conscription act. Two hundred negroes have been sworn in this week, and it is thought that by the expiration of next week the regiment will be full.—N. P.—*Tribune.*

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, Port Royal, S. C., March 19, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 24.—I. All able-bodied male negroes employed by the Engineer Department on permanent fortifications are exempted from the operation of General Orders, No. 17, current series, from these headquarters.

II. All plantation superintendents, tradesmen, sutlers, landholders, speculators, and others within the Department, are hereby cautioned against harboring, secreting, or keeping in their employ able-bodied male negroes liable to the draft. All negroes in private service, except those in the employ of commissioned officers, as provided for in General Orders No. 17, will be immediately reported to Brig.-Gen. Rufus Saxton, commanding U. S. Forces, Port Royal Island; and none will be exempted except on medical certificates of disability, to be approved after personal examination by a Board of not less than three medical officers, who will be appointed by Gen. Saxton from among the medical staff detailed by the Surgeon-General for attendance on the contrabands. All persons contravening the provisions of this order will subject themselves to a confiscation of their goods, and to be sent out of the Department by the first vessel going North.

III. Various complaints having been brought to the notice of these headquarters, to the effect that negroes employed otherwise than in the public service have been, and are defrauded of their just earnings, by the avarice of masters who take advantage of their ignorance, all such complaints will hereafter be brought before the Commander of the Post in which the employers reside, and will be investigated and decided upon by an officer who will be detailed to this duty by such Post Commander. On the report of this officer, the Post Commander will issue the necessary orders giving redress to the injured party.

By command of Major-Gen. D. HUNTER.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.—A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from a point near Vicksburg, March 20, says: "A serious demonstration occurred at Providence, a day or two ago, among a portion of Gen. Logan's Division of the Seventeenth Corps, against a single negro who, an eye-witness informs me, was most unjustly set upon and cruelly beaten for the atrocious crime of being an African. A brave and truly chivalrous gentleman, Capt. Vogelson, having charge of the Commissary Department on the City of Madison, seeing the inhuman brutes were about to kill the negro, rushed forward, pistol in hand, and rescued the poor black from their clutches at the peril of his life. The mob, enraged at the escape of their victim, turned upon the Captain, who assured them he would kill the first man who laid a finger upon him. They howled and roared, and crowded thick and menacingly around him, but, like all such fellows, the ringleaders were cowards at heart, and stood in awe of one courageous, genuine man. The Captain acted nobly and heroically. But for his coolness, he would have been torn limb from limb. He finally retired to the transport, when the mob made a wild rush, and would have destroyed the boat, and probably murdered all the negroes in the neighborhood, had not a guard been called out, when the crowd was given a certain time to withdraw or be fired upon. This decisive course had the desired effect, and saved, no doubt, hundreds of lives. It is to be hoped the ringleaders will be arrested and properly punished, for such conduct as theirs is most pernicious in its influence, and enough to demoralize the whole army. There is a growing disposition with some of our troops to persecute and abuse the negroes, who are generally the most inoffensive creatures, on every possible occasion; and the sooner such ruffians and poltroons are cured of their ruffianism, the more trouble the hangman will be spared, and the less our army will be disgraced.

Cairo, March 26.—I recently had a long account of the condition of the slaves on the plantations, from an intelligent black, who both reads and writes, and who, having been with our army nearly two years, took pains to inform himself on the subject. He says that, when our troops first occupied Tennessee and other slave regions, the slaves expected they would be called upon to fight, and that they were very anxious to enter the service. When they were not called upon their ardor abated, and they were directed by those of their number who most influence them, to keep quiet, and go on as before, and even behave so well that their masters would have no suspicion. I was not a little surprised to learn that the man by whom they most wish to be led, is Jim Lane. They have heard their masters curse him more than any other Northern man, consequently, they look upon him as their friend. This is in the South-western slave States; in the Gulf States, Fremont is the man. It is now generally understood that the rebels are raising negro regiments, with the promise of their freedom. This is the last card which either party has to play. It is presumed that if the rebels can secure their independence in no other way they will arm the blacks. If they get the start of us in this matter, they will win.—*Ib.*

Summary.

REBEL PRISONERS TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.—Two hundred and twenty-one rebel prisoners have recently been released at Camp Douglas, Chicago, upon taking the oath of allegiance. Six hundred and sixty-five prisoners have died at the same camp since the 1st of January.

REFUGEES AT PENSACOLA.—The United States bark Houghton, from Pensacola, reports that a great number of refugees were arriving at that point. A schooner containing sixty men, women and children had arrived from East Pass. They report that the people were suffering in that section from a general want of all supplies.

TWO MEALS A DAY.—A late number of the Richmond *Enquirer* has a philosophical article upon the bad habit of eating three meals per day. The editor argues that two meals are amply sufficient, adding that, under the present condition of affairs and the shortness of provisions, "it is nearly as bad to grow fat as to get rich on the Confederacy."

ONE OF THE VICTIMS.—One of the colored men killed by the mob in Detroit was a fugitive slave who had acquired a good character by his honesty and industry, and who had labored hard to earn enough to purchase his wife and children, who are still slaves in Virginia. He had nearly acquired the needed amount, when he was murdered. His savings were all consumed by the fires kindled by the mob.

FAMINE AT THE SOUTH.—The straits to which the rebels are reduced for food may be inferred from the message of Gov. Brown of Georgia to the Legislature of that State, just met in extra session. He recommends that no more cotton be planted than a quarter of an acre to a hand; that distillation of grain, peas, potatoes, and dried peaches be stopped, and that corn be carried free of freight-charge to the suffering portions of the State.

Gen. Langiewicz, who has been proclaimed dictator of Poland, has issued a stirring proclamation, which is reported to have had a prodigious effect. Prepartions were being made by both the Poles and Russians for a great battle. Garibaldi has issued two more letters in behalf of the Polish cause, one addressed to the Russian army and the other to Gen. Langiewicz. Another address to the Poles has been published by Kossuth who warns them against trusting Austria.

A Kentucky negro-trader named Mansfield arrived at St. Louis, on Friday, by the Pacific Railroad, with ten negroes, nine of whom belonged to a Missourian, now in the rebel army. The negroes vamoosed as soon as the cars arrived, and next day filed proof of their master's rebellious acts, and received passes to go to the free States. The Superintendent of the contrabands says he has had 2,300 applications for the services of 500 negroes arrived a few days since from Helena.

IMPORTANT DECISIONS IN WISCONSIN.—Three important decisions have just been made by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin—one pronouncing the draft constitutional, another declaring all who vote liable to military duty, and the third affirming the constitutionality of the soldier's suffrage law. The Copperheads who lately applauded so highly the Supreme Court for a decision against the President's suspension of the *habeas corpus* are said to be both mad and profane at these decisions.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.—The report that the officers of Dartmouth College did their best to defeat the election of Prof. Patterson, their colleague, to Congress, does injustice to the large majority of those officers. The facts are that of sixteen officers voting at the recent election, President Lord, one College Professor, and one in the Chandler School—*three* only—voted the Copperhead ticket, and against Prof. Patterson, while the remaining thirteen all voted *for* Prof. Patterson, the Administration, and the Union.—*Concord (N. H.) Ind. Dem.*

A DEDHAM BOY SOLD INTO SLAVERY.—From reliable information received on Wednesday, it is ascertained that Charles Amos, a bright, colored lad, about 16 years of age, a native of this town, and his cousin, a lad of about the same age, who formerly lived at Jamaica Plain, have been sold into slavery. The two boys went out as servants to some of the officers in the Massachusetts 42d Regiment, and at the capture of Galveston were taken by the rebels and sold into slavery. What a commentary upon the boasted civilization of the age is this enslavement of free born Northern men! We hope that some of our brave Dedham boys, whose patriotism does not lies on the surface, will speedily avenge the terrible wrong inflicted upon their little townsmen.—*Dedham (Mass.) Gazette.*

THE GREAT REACTION.—The extent and force of the reaction in the Middle and Eastern States against the schemes of the Copperheads, is both surprising and gratifying to the earnest friends of the loyal cause. And though the West has not yet equalled the East in their revolution, we have the gratifying announcement to send to New York and New England that the good work is here going on; and that the danger in all the States of the Lake region—danger that we might have civil war at home—is for the present surmounted. We ought, perhaps, to except Indiana. In that State, treason openly and boldly avows itself; but, even there, there are signs that the crisis is past, and that in the heart of the Democratic party itself, the sentiment of loyalty is renewing itself, and will soon accomplish the wonders that it has elsewhere wrought. Let the work go on!—*Chicago Tribune.*

A GOOD PROPOSITION.—A regiment of Missouri soldiers in camp at Warrenton, in that State, on the 18th instant adopted resolutions strongly denouncing the "peace" movement of Northern politicians, and submitting, as their only terms of compromise, the following:

Resolved, finally, That the only compromise which we might, under existing circumstances, consent to make with Mr. Davis and his supporters in the South, is the adoption of a cartel that a "Copperhead" be exchanged for a Union conscript, until the Union men in the South shall have been released from conscription and the "copperheads" obtain their appropriate position with their brethren in the Southern Confederacy."

Those newspapers that have so violently denounced a proposition similar to the above, made in *The Evening Post* a week or so since, will now probably find it "expedient" to turn their batteries on these "radical" Missouri volunteers, who from the field echo our suggestion with an unmistakable emphasis.—*Eve. Post.*

THE BLESSED PRIVILEGES OF SECESSION.—The following notice, clipped from the Mobile *Register* of a recent date, furnishes a good idea of the blessed privileges purchased by secession:

"LIVERY STABLE NOTICE.

"Owing to the stringent orders of Gen. Pemberton, and the scarcity and high price of provender, we, the undersigned, have agreed to the following rate of charges from this date, to wit:

"All livery horses, with buggy, $50 per month.
"All livery horses, without buggy, $45 per month.
"All transient horses $2 per day and $1 per single feed.
"Carriages to fun

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

QUESTIONS.

BY UNA.

Where are the brave knights gone,
The loyal and the grand,
Who drove the coward's guilt and wrong
Through all the storied land?
Where are the brave knights fled,
The tender and the true,
Whose shafts, by Mars or Cupid sped,
Ne'er falsely aimed or flew?

Where are the brave knights now,
With their great love of right,
Who never failed the needed blow
To vanquish wicked Might?
Where do the brave knights rest,
Who galloped far and wide,
With ready hands and dauntless breast,
To stand by Honor's side?

Now here we see the open lists,
Where Treason talks aloud,
And strikes with lance and clenched fists
The shield of Truth so proud;
And Liberty, with pale, thin hands
Chained o'er her aching breast,
All helpless at his mercy stands,
Claimed as his slave and jest.

Oh! as in days that are past and gone,
Pressing full deep the spur,
That there would come gallantly on
Some knight to rescue her!
But give us blood, and grief, and tears,
Through all the quaking land,
Till we have roused from other years
The brave old knightly band.

Elizabeth, N. J., March 24th, 1863.

THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

BY ROBERT COLLYER.

I LIVED for years within a few minutes' walk of a full view of Haworth town and church, yet never went to the place in my life, for the simple reason that it was one of those places where no one ever thought of going, if he could help it. A grim, hard place, poor as poverty; so poor that I remember the natives of villages round about had hit upon a kind of common saying to describe its chronic barrenness, and the utter futility of any hope that a man there could have any choice in his ways of living. I heard it scores of times in my boyhood, long before the lives of those three fated sisters had made Haworth what Burns made "Auld Ayr." A poor fellow, completely cornered, would ask advice of one entirely unable to help him, and ten to one but the reply would be, "Thaa must do as they do at Haworth; do as thaa can." I have seen nothing of the descriptions given in any of the "articles" that makes so vivid as this saying, which had most likely percolated from the observations of centuries, the grim sense of its poorness in the mind of the natives of the dales.

Far in my earliest boyhood, I remember what a dree, curious old standfast population lingered all about places that are now flooded by a new race, the creation of the springtime of commerce and manufactures. In the quaint old village of Ilkley, the rude forefathers of the hamlet had been carried to their long home, and rested quietly in the same spot, ever since it was one of the cities of the Brigantes, and the Olicano of Strabo. This village, a few miles from Haworth, was a good pattern of the antique life in all those places. I remember one hale old patriarch who prided himself on being the man who saved the only oat-cake left in the whole town when a detachment of the Scotch rebels made a raid upon it in the year '45. Being then a baby, his mother put the cake in the cradle, and put the bed over it, and the baby over the bed, and so saved her cake.

In my early life, I used to wonder why a family with the name of Ickringill had the pleasant privilege of having the church bells chimed whenever one of that blood died. For all others the bell was tolled. When I asked after the custom, I was told that it had always been so; and they being a wild, reckless set to a man, I concluded that in some remote age the natives had been so glad to get rid of them that they had turned the sign of sorrow into one of rejoicing, until in my reading I stumbled over the fact that the family name was a Danish one, and the custom of chiming at funerals was Danish, too. So then I saw how they must have been of the old wild stock that invaded and overran those regions long before the Conquest. The reckless fire in the blood was still there, and the custom for the dead had been held fast for a thousand years on the same spot; but all memory of the fierce Viking, with his shipfull of robbers, had utterly faded away.

Speaking of bells brings back the memory of the only pleasant thing I ever linked into any idea about Haworth, in those early times. The bells in the old gray tower were full of a fine, strong melody. The ringers were famous for their skill, and the church stands well for tossing the sound out over the great brown moor-lands that stretch away from it in every direction. As I grew up into the age of poetry and romance, very few things gave me a purer pleasure than to start on a bright, clear Sabbath morning, in the early Summer, with a new book (all books were new then), fo. a long walk over the moor-lands, a long, quiet communion with my author, and to hear the Haworth bells ringing out through the still air.

I suppose the Mount of Transfiguration is not so hard to climb in early youth as it becomes by and by, and that may have had something to do with the intense enjoyment of those mornings. As I now remember them—the clear, still air, the blue sky, the moors shimmering and glancing in the morning sunshine—above all, the rich, clear sound of those bells floating along, filling the air, mingling with the song of the sky-lark and linnet—it seemed at some moments as if the heavens had lowered themselves and come down, and I was listening to broken fragments from the song of the immediate angels, and the sound of the harpers harping on the sea of glass. And looking back into those times, which were also those of the girlhood of Charlotte Bronté, I feel how the same pleasant thing must have cheered her sometimes in her long walk over the moors—for the ringing was not confined to the Sabbath. At every rural wedding the ringers were sure to be ready the moment the happy pair came out of church to strike up their welcome; and early on every Christmas eve you were sure to hear them, and all through the night, at intervals, there came sound and then silence through the dale, now the bells, and then the coarse but musical voices of men and women, telling how,

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

So, also, New Year's night, the bells ever sounded to tell the story of the Old and the New. And with the lights that shine on that old parsonage now, one thinks tenderly of those that lay there listening, or went about the dim room feeling, if not saying, the burden of the great song:

"Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true;

"Ring in the valiant man and free—
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

And I have wondered sometimes whether this one pleasant thing in Haworth had not some subtle influence, leading them, when they must perforce come before the world, to write these names on their title-pages, Currer, Ellis, and Acton *Bell*.

The competition between church and chapel in those past times was incessant and relentless. Church had the vantage-ground of ancient prestige. The Yorkshireman of the dales dearly loves the old chapel, prospered by the direct and homely sermons of its blacksmiths and shoemakers. Believing with all their heart, they preached with all their might. The most unfair thing in the pictures of Charlotte Bronte is when she girds at the "Methodists," and it tells better than anything else how the small irritations of children lost from the Sunday-school, and members from the congregation, fretted her in spite of herself. The great heart of the woman looking out at the world, and the local heart of the parson's daughter looking into the country church and school, are not the same thing. With the deepest reverence for the one, I know too much of how all those things stood in the times when she gathered the material for her books, not to know that she is entirely unfair in her treatment of Dissenters. The progress of all parties in a higher care and culture in the most sacred things had already made a great difference thirty years ago. The church was not near so careless, or the chapel so coarse as it had been; but it was notoriously the chapel that had put the church on her mettle, and that kept her to her work. And in spite of trenchant criticism and oversight, there were strange doings sometimes in one or another of the churches. I can just remember the parson in a country church reading prayers one day, and when the people had settled down for their sermon, he told them that he had lost it coming from Denton (the old home of the Fairfax family), so that he must send them home with the benediction. And of another, a man of great power, who used to boast that he could preach, drink, or hunt with any man he ever saw. Of another, to whose house the wardens went one Saturday, to ask if he would say the prayer for rain, as the crops were in danger of drying up—to which he replied, "Certainly, but I know it will be useless unless the wind changes." Of one parish clerk, who, when the curate was about to leave, gave notice that next Sunday Mr. B. would preach his funeral sermon. And another, a poet, unconsciously reading out a verse he had made in praise of a lady, instead of the hymn. Poor fellow! he died the other day, unmarried and alone. Of yet another clerkly poet, who, to honor the visit of the bishop, all unknown to the parson, made a psalm, and at the time when the psalm should come in, announced "A psalm of my own composing:"

"Ye little hills, why do you skip,
And wherefore do ye hop?
Is it because that ye have come
To see my Lord Bishop?"

I believe they did not let him give out any more.

I may not forbear to mention the wonderful truth of Charlotte Bronté's pictures of Yorkshire life. Living in the same localities, able to identify the places in Jane Eyre from her accurate drawings, wherever she has no such bias as I have noted, she is sharp and distinct as the photograph. Her bits of dialect in her first book are purely true to Haworth. Ten miles make a difference of speech to the ear of a native. When I read Jane Eyre, it was on this side the Atlantic, and the authorship had not then transpired; yet it carried me back, and set me down in the dear old birth-place, and made me hear voices in the homely old tongue, and walk again over the brown moor-lands, listening to the bells sounding out from the gray old tower of the church at Haworth.

A COLORED PREACHER'S ADDRESS TO A NEWLY-MARRIED PAIR.

[In the last instalment of the "Merchant's Story," in *The Continental Monthly*, there is a capital description of a negro wedding, from which we quote the words of the "officiating clergyman:"]

My chil'en, lub one anuder; bar wid one anuder; be faithful to one anuder. You hab started on a long journey; many rough places am in de road; many trubbles will spring up by de wayside, but go on, hand an' hand togedder—lub one anuder, an' no matter what come onter you, you will be happy—fur lub will sweeten ebery sorrer, lighten ebery load, make de sun shine eben in de cloudiest wedder. I knows it will, my chil'en, case I'se been over de groun'. Ole Aggy an' I hab trabbled de road. Hand in hand we hab gone ober de rocks; fru de mud; in de hot burnin' sand; ben out togedder in de cole, an' de rain, an' de storm, for nigh onter forty yar, but we hab clung to one anuder; we hab lubbed one anuder; and fru eberyting, in de bery darkest days, de sun ob joy an' peace hab broke fru de clouds, and sent him blessed rays down inter our hearts.

We started jess like two young saplins you's seed a growin' side by side in de woods. At fust we seemed way 'part, for de brambles, an' de tick brush, an' de ugly forns—dem war our bad ways—war atween us; but love, like de sun, shone down on us, an' we grow'd. We grow'd till our heads got above de bushes; till dis little branch, an' dat little branch—dem war our holy feelin's—put out toward one anoder, an' we come closer an' closer togedder. An' dough we'm old trees now, an' sometime de wind blow an' de storm rage fru de tops, an' freaten to tear off de limbs, an' to pull up de berry roots, we'm growin' closer an' closer, an' nearer an' nearer togedder ebery day. An' soon de ole tops will meet; soon de ole branches, all cobered ober wid de gray moss, will twine 'round one anoder; soon de two ole trunks will come togedder, an' grow inter one forever—grow inter one up dar in de sky, whar de wind neber'll blow, whar de storm neber'll beat; whar we shill blossom an' bar fruit to de glory ob de Lord, an' in His heabenly kingdom forever!

Yas, my chil'ren, you hab started on a long journey, an' nuffin' will git you fru it but *love*. Nuffin' will hole you up, nuffin' will keep you faithful to one anoder, nuffin' will make you bar wid one anoder, but love. None ob us kin lib widout it; but married folks want it most ob all. Dey need it more dan de bread dey eat, de water dey drink, or de air dey breafe. De world couldn't gwo on widout it. De bery sun would gwo out in de heabens but for dat. An' shill I tell you why? You hab heerd Massa Robert talk 'bout de great law dat make de apple fall from de tree, de rock sink in de water; dat bines our feet to de round 'arth so we don't drop off it as we gwo fru de air; dat holes de sun an' de stars in 'pointed places, so dat, day after day, an' yar after yar, dough dey'm trabblin' fasser dan de lightnin' eber went, dey'm right whar dey should be.

He call it 'traction, an' all de great men call it so; but dat aint de name! It am love. It am God, fur God am love, an' love am God, an' love bines de whole creashun togedder! An' shill I tell you how to do it? Does you see dis hand, how I open de fingers; how I shet'm up; how I rise de whole arm? Does you see dis foot, dat I does wid jess de same? Does you see dis whole body, how I make it, in a twinklin', do jess what I like? Now what am it dat make my hand move, an' my whole body turn round so sudden, dat I'se only to say: "Do it," an' it'm done? Why, it am *me*. It'm me dat libs up yere in de brain, an' sends my will fru ebery part—fru ebery siner and ebery muscle, an' ebery little jint, an' make'm all do jess what I like.

Now, man am made in de image ob God, an' dis pore, weak ole body am a small pattern ob de whole creashun. Eberyting go on jess as it do. Eberyting am held togedder, an' moved 'bout, jess as I am—but it'm God dat move it, not me! He libs up dar in de sky—which am His brain—wid de stars fur His hands, de planets fur His feet, an' de whole univarse fur His body; an' he sends His will—which am love—fru ebery part ob de whole, an' moves it 'bout, an' makes it do jess as he likes.

So you see, it am my will sent fru ebery muscle, an' ebery little siner, dat moves my body; so it am His will sent fru what de 'stronomers an' de poets call de heabenly ether, dat moves His body—which am de 'arth, an' de sun, an' de stars, an' you an' me, an' ebery libin' ting in all creashun! His will move 'em all; an' His will am love! An' don't you see dat you can't do widout His love? Dat it am de bery bref ob life? Dat, ef it were tooken 'way from you, fur jess one moment, you'd drop down an' die, an' neber come to life agin—no, not in dis worle, nor in any oder worle?

It am so, my chil'ren; an' de more you hab ob dat love, de happier you'll be; de more you'll love one anoder; de easier you'll gwo fru you' life—de more joyfuller you'll meet you' death—de happier you'll be all fru de long, long ages dat'm comin' in de great Yereafter! Den, O my chil'ren! love God, love one anoder! You can't be happy widout you love God, an' you can't love him widout you love one anoder!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

FLORENCE, Jan. 16, 1863.

A COMMEMORATIVE tablet, of the kind so frequently used in the cities of Italy to mark the birthplace or the once dwelling of the illustrious dead whom the nation delights to honor, has recently been let into the façade wall of one of the sternest and dreariest looking of the old *palazzi* of Florence, and marks it henceforward for all times as among the "holy places" of pilgrimage to be visited reverently by the yearly tribe of strangers, who set up their temporary rest in Florence.

The house in question is the last in the Via Maggio on the right hand going from the river toward the Porta Romana. It is gray and grim, of the true old Florentine build, with deep projecting eaves and a cavernous dark *portone* or entrance door, showing an inner courtyard and an iron gate at the foot of the broad staircase. The front of the house looks into a small *piazzetta*, sunny, irregular and cheerful enough. From this side of the building there is a view of one corner of the Pitti Palace, and of part of the area before it. On the other side of the house, which is turned toward an adjacent narrow street, and faces a blank church wall, part of the first floor projects slightly over the basement story, as may often be seen here in the old *palazzi*; and the projecting portion is supported on a row of small arches or machicolations, and forms a quaint stone balcony on which the principal sitting rooms of the house open. This sombre old mansion is the Casa Guidi—a name for several years past as well known in England as in Florence, even to such as have never crossed the channel. One of the latest departed from among the elect of England's poets, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, has consecrated the name of the house she resided in for many years, by bestowing it upon a poem which contains some of her noblest veins of thought and most living pictures of vivid Southern life.

It was, in very truth, from the queer old arch-supported side balcony mentioned above, that the authoress of the "Casa Guidi Windows," looking out from the studious seclusion imposed upon her by year-long suffering, saw the great national *festa* of 1847, when Tuscany, like all Italy, was trying to satisfy her yearnings after national independence by the vain promise of the dream that a reforming Pope and an Austrian Archduke could be her pioneers in the march of freedom. It was here that the English poetess watched the long procession of that "feast of banners" stream upward to the Pitti Square, filling every thoroughfare with shouts and *vivas* and fluttering tricolor; and while catching up the confused utterances of the people's aspiration and harmonizing them into the triumphant music of her song, her prophetic foreboding of Grand-Ducal treachery and tyranny ahead struck in with a sad minor chord through the pauses of rejoicing.

Mrs. Browning, as all know, was a staunch and life-long lover of Italy; and the beautiful land where she lived so long, and where her last breath was drawn, repaid with fervent gratitude the generous championship of her powerful pen, displayed at a time when hard words and taunts were the too frequent recognition of Italy's earnest, though, in some respects, mistaken efforts towards self-deliverance.

The Municipality of Florence has lately testified the feelings of the nation for the memory of the great and good woman gone to her rest, by the memorial tablet of white marble, the first, I believe, through the length and breadth of Italy, erected in honor of any but an Italian. It bears the following inscription, which is an unaffected as it is a true expression of affectionate regret, respect and admiration:

"Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who in her woman's soul united the learning of a sage to the genius of a poet, and created by her song a golden link between Italy and England. To her Florence in gratitude erects this memorial."

THE DOMICILE ERECTED BY JOHN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE VULGATE OF M. GOOSE.

BY A. POPE.

BEHOLD the mansion reared by dædal Jack!

See the malt, stored in many a plethoric sack
In the proud circque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides—
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce *rodent*
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The rat predaceous, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
Which lay in Hans's inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce, vindictive scorn,
The harrying hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of Puss, that, with verminicidal claw,
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb, that seems, in sooth,
Too long a prey to Chronos's iron tooth,
Behold the man whose sonorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros's osculative sign,
To the 'lorn maiden whose lact-albic hands
Drew albu-lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort to realms ethereal was borne
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordacious rat that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,
Whose means exigeous stared from many a rift
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied
That dared to vex the insidious muricide
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,
Whose shouts arouse the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exsoculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulgator of that horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that kilt
The rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

BENJAMIN BORDLY.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: I enclose a sketch of a genuine "Uncle Tom," who has been a denizen of "the Swamp" 40 years, and known to me personally for twenty or more. He realized throughout his life the full measure of virtues with which Mrs. Stowe endowed her imaginary hero.

The article was prepared for *The Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

Yours, J. H. BAILEY.

GONE HOME!

WHEN a good man dies, however humble his condition or limited his mental endowments, if he has strengthened our consciousness of the manhood of the race, and deepened our faith in human nature, it is a grateful task to strew flowers upon his grave, in kindly recognition of his worth.

Everybody who is acquainted with the "Swamp" must remember a colored man, familiarly known as "Ben," who was for so many years the porter and "man of all work" at No. 20 Ferry street. The three stores grouped under this number have become classic by their historic associations. They were built by Gideon Lee & Co., and occupied by that world-known firm until their retirement from business in 1839.

Ben, or Benjamin Bordly—for that was his full name—has gone to the "rest" for which his whole life was a preparation, and the unclouded anticipation of which sweetened the toils and softened the hardships of his lot.

He was a native of Maryland. Born of a free mother, he was apprenticed during his minority to a Quaker family, and faithfully served out his time.

He came to New York about forty years ago, and worked in the Swamp from that time till his death. He was in the employ of Israel Corse for a brief period, and afterwards, for seventeen years, with Thomas Everit and Sons, and V. Everit & Co.

In 1842 he entered into the service of the late Charles M. Leupp, son-in-law of Gideon Lee, and successor to the house of which that eminent man was the head. In this place he remained until his decease on the 15th of March, 1863.

The life of this humble and unlearned man was singularly beautiful and blameless. He was a pure-minded, simple-hearted and conscientious Christian. His fidelity to every trust was immutable, and his lips were never stained by falsehood or his soul darkened with guile.

Inured to labor from childhood—unaccustomed to ease or luxury—seeing little of the "sunny side" of the world—encountering, of course, the American prejudice against color—this man nevertheless "kept the whiteness of his soul." There is something touching in the contemplation of a character the native nobleness of which shone out through the obscurity that enclouded him. Year by year he steadfastly pursued his calling, always prompt, willing and trustworthy—as true to the call of duty as the needle to the pole.

He was gentle in his nature, and cordial, though not demonstrative, in his friendships. To his wife, who in later years was an invalid, he proved not only a kind companion but a tender and considerate nurse. He was childless.

He was remarkably frugal in his habits, evidently intent on saving something for the hour of need. His personal expenditures were limited to the mere necessaries of life. He rarely, if ever, carried money in his pocket. His dinner, which he invariably took with him to the store, in a well worn tin-pail, served as the sole recreation with which he relieved the busy occupations of the day. Work had become a necessity of his nature, consequently he was always engaged about *something*. He worked with a will, too, and it made no difference whether he was observed or unobserved, alone or with others, he was ever the same steady, unswerving example of patient, tireless industry.

When he reached the meridian of life, a misfortune swept away the considerable earnings which his wonderful economy had enabled him to accumulate. It was a heavy blow. It staggered him for a time, causing his strong frame to shake with emotion, and hot tears to stream down his furrowed cheek. But he recovered and went cheerfully about his pursuits again, following the same routine of self-denial as before, with the fixed purpose of regaining the lost treasure as a staff for his old age. But his provident care was not needed for himself. He might almost be said to have "died in harness." He was at the store on Thursday, the 12th of March, and expired three days afterwards, at the ripe age of seventy, literally worn out. His death was in harmony with his life. He fell asleep as calmly and placidly as if he were conscious that perfect repose awaited him in heaven. His soul seemed all a-glow with religious fervor. His latest words were, "*I am going to heaven!*"

Noble old Ben! If a faultless career—a conscience void of offence before God and man—and the quiet dignity that marked thy lowly but useful life, can enshrine thee in honoring memories on earth, we shall not soon forget thee; and if purity of conduct and steadfast trust in God are passports to the realms of bliss, thy spirit is at rest in that bright home which was the object of all thy earthly aspirations.

THE LOTUS-PLANTER.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

A BRAHMIN on a lotus-pod
Once wrote the holy name of God.

Then, planting it, he asked in prayer
For some new fruit, unknown and fair.

A Slave near by, who bore a load,
Fell fainting on the dusty road.

The Brahmin, pitying, straightway ran
And lifted up the fallen man.

The deed scarce done, he stood aghast
At touching one beneath his caste.

"Behold," he cried, "I am unclean;
"My hands have clasped the vile and mean!"

God saw the shadow on his face,
And wrought a miracle of grace.

The buried seed arose from death,
And bloomed and fruited at His breath.

The stalk bore up a leaf of green,
Whereon these mystic words were seen:

"FIRST, COUNT MEN ALL OF EQUAL CASTE—
THEN, COUNT THYSELF THE LEAST AND LAST."

The Brahmin, with bewildered brain,
Beheld the will of God writ plain.

Transfigured then in sudden light,
The Slave stood sacred in his sight!

Thereafter in the Brahmin's breast
Abode God's peace, and he was blest.

—*Independent.*

Foreign Gleanings.

JAMAICA COTTON.—Some samples of cotton of excellent quality have been forwarded to us for inspection. One is Sea Island cotton, from Minster Estate, in the parish of St. Thomas in the East, cleaned by a gin worked by water power. The laborers, we learn, are busily engaged taking in the crop which is expected to realize the estimate, notwithstanding the late heavy rains. At Elmwood, in the same pariah, the progress is equally favorable. We understand that these two properties have been purchased by the Jamaica Cotton Company for the sum of £2,000 each. Another sample is from the vine cotton, the seeds of which, it will be remembered, were some time ago received here from Cuba, and kindly distributed to various enterprising persons by Messrs. Verley and Robinson. The peculiarity of this cotton is, that although an exotic, it grows easily in almost any soil, and at any temperature. It is a vine creeping along the ground, taking root, and reproducing as it progresses. The pods are about three times the size of the Sea Island cotton, and the staple, in our opinion, is much superior. The sample shown us was produced on Windsor Forest plantation in St. David, where we understand the experiment of cotton cultivation is being worked out satisfactorily.—*Jamaica Morning Journal.*

SUPERSTITION IN RUSSIA.—Superstitious ideas do not appear to be in Russia wholly confined to the lower and more uneducated classes. Those who are by many degrees above them appear to indulge in those ideas to almost the same extent. The refusal of the holy image to pay a visit to the Emperor was believed to be but one of the many signs and tokens heralding his Majesty's death. In the great bell tower of Ivan Velike one of the largest bells fell on the 2nd of March, 1855, bursting through all intervening obstacles, and causing the death of some of the people who lived on the basement of the tower. This occurrence—likely enough in itself, from the great weight of the bell—was immediately laid hold of by the superstitious minds of the people, high and low, as the forerunner of some tremendous event, and accordingly, when it was announced in Moscow on the following day that the Emperor Nicholas had died at St. Petersburg the preceding day, the wiseacres shook their heads and crossed themselves with a sort of I-told-you-so nod.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

SWISS ICE QUARRIES.—An extensive business is carried on at present between Switzerland and a great part of Europe in the transport of ice. In imitation of the German railways, the French Eastern line has just issued a special tariff at reduced prices for the conveyance of that commodity. Letters from Switzerland say that the orders already received are enormous. At Grindenwald hundreds of workmen are employed in cutting ice into blocks for being sent to a distance. A depth not hitherto reached in the ice has been obtained, and unknown marvels of a new kind have been discovered. At Grindenwald, after penetrating several layers, the laborers arrived at a sort of opening in the mass of ice which led to a natural grotto 160 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 65 high. The men who first entered this cavern were lost in admiration at the magnificent spectacle. The grotto has since been lit up with torches and illuminated with Bengal fire, and the light reflected from these walls of crystals produced a dazzling effect.

EDUCATION OF ITALIAN LADIES.—It is a fact which will doubtless call forth a laugh, but which is in truth deplorable enough, that a short time ago, the education of a daughter of one of the noblest families in Rome having been completed on the usual system, it was decided that before marrying and entering society, it was desirable that she should have read one book of the class of which foreigners are in the habit of talking at evening parties! Serious consultations on the important topic of what this book should be ended in the selection of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as the work, which, on the whole, would form the best basis for general conversation. But was the princess to read Mrs. Stowe's story, with all its heretical history, *pur et simple?* Such a thing could not be thought of. A digest was compiled by the confessor—a pretty little abridgment of the tale, in about fifty or sixty pages of manuscript; and this safe and wholesome extract, divested of all the poisonous ingredients of the original beverage, was duly administered to the youthful lips. Armed at last with so large an acquisition in the way of modern literature, the Princess B—— boldly descended into the arena of balls and receptions, and asked everybody she met, "Had they read that charming new book, Lo Zio Tom"?—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

SUICIDE OF GEN. HAYNAU.—A letter from Cassel announces the suicide of Lieut.-Gen. von Haynau. He shot himself through the mouth with a pistol loaded with a conical ball. Death was instantaneous. The ball remained in the skull. A Berlin correspondent gives the following explanation of his motive: "The General had been at the head of the Hesse-Cassel troops for a number of years, and in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief, proved the abject instrument of his Royal patron. He was kicked every day by his highness, and allowed to kick everybody else in return. Another General, who challenged him, was placed before a court-martial, and sentenced to prolonged arrest. A Major experienced the same fate for treading in the General's footsteps. But now the cup was full to overflowing. A Captain in the same army published a pamphlet against the General in command, in which he called him a scoundrel and a coward; and being called out by his superior officer, sent him a contemptuous refusal, stigmatizing him as a man who had failed to do justice to his preceding engagements. On this signal the officers of the force unanimously declared their intention to serve no longer under him."

AN OLD SAXON CHURCH.—It is curious that one of these rude wooden churches remains to the present day, and has been used for divine worship from that day to this. It forms the existing nave of the parish church of Greensted, near Ongar, in Essex. A brick chancel has been added on the east, and a timber belfry built on to its west end, and a porch applied to its south side. But there the venerable relict still exists to show us what the rude log churches of Saxon times were like. It is composed of large chestnut trees split asunder, and set upright close to each other, with the round side outwards. The ends are roughly hewn so as to fit into a sill at the bottom and into a plate at the top, into which they are fastened with wooden pins. There are sixteen of these logs on the south side, and two doorposts; on the north side twenty-one logs and two vacancies now filled up with plaster. The church thus formed was about thirty feet long by fourteen wide, and the log walls are five feet six inches high. The county historians adduce reasons for the belief that this church was erected for the reception of the body of St. Edmund, on its return from London to Bury, in the year 1013. It seems quite compatible with the evidence which they submit, that the church already existed when the bearers of the royal saint deposited their burden within it for their night's halt. —*The Churchman's Family Magazine.*

SCENE IN A SAXON CHURCHYARD.—If the reader cares to exercise his imagination, he may pause here, and picture to himself one of these primitive churches with its congregation assembled. A swelling knoll at the edge of the forest may be the scene, hard by the manor-house and hamlet of a Saxon thane; the venerable oaks of a grove of Druidical origin surround it; scattered about are low barrows, the burial-places of past generations; a sacred stream bubbles up within the circle, and flows away in a little rill, and is lost in the forest; an ancient yew stands alone in the midst, and by its side a massive cross of stone, sculptured all over with curious carving. The people—thane and freemen, churls and house-carles, men, women and children—stand around, or sit upon the turf. Beside the cross stands the priest preaching the Word. A rude trestle in front of the massive shaft supports the thin silver-mounted slab of consecrated wood which forms the altar; upon it stand chalice and paten of silver gilt, ready for the celebration of the holy mystery. The green turf, chequered with moving shadows, and starred with flowers, is the pavement; the forest vistas are the vaulted aisles; the blue sky, resting on the arching branches, is the roof; and the wind, surging in solemn whispers through the foliage, is the organ of this primæval church. Many of our country churchyards really presented some such scene as this twelve hundred years ago.—*The Churchman's Family Magazine.*

CLERICAL TYRANNY CHECKED IN ITALY.—A communication from Vercelli, in *The Opinion Nationale*, contains the following: "A poor Jewish woman of Lugo and two of her children, both minors, were shut up for some days in the convent of Ferrara. By energetic applications made to the Questor of the town, the liberty of the mother was obtained, but the Archbishop formally refused to restore the two children. The King's procureur, who seemed to be in concert with the ecclesiastical authorities, referred the affair to the Procureur-Général at the Court of Appeal of Bologna. These delays seemed intended to give time to the Archbishop to accomplish his project, and the terrible example of Mortara was before the eyes of all, as an encouragement to some and as a menace to others. Professors Fontremoli and Giuseppe Levy repaired to Turin and obtained an audience of the Ministers of Justice and of the Interior, who were both entirely ignorant of the facts just mentioned. Instructions were immediately forwarded by telegraph. The same evening the public authorities had the convent in which the two children were confined surrounded by a sufficient force. The captives were given up to their unfortunate mother, and placed in a secular establishment under the protection of the Minister of Justice. A few hours later and these fresh victims of a persecution would have been perhaps beyond the frontier and under the cruel grasp of the Holy Inquisition of Rome, which never releases its prey. The energy and promptitude of the two Ministers, MM. Pisanelli and Peruzzi, merit the thanks of all friends of liberty of conscience."

FREAKS OF MADMEN.—Tasso and Lucretius wrote some of their famous poems during fits of mental aberration; several of the ablest articles in Aikin's "Biography" were written by the inmate of a lunatic asylum, and Alexander Cruden compiled his notable "Concordance" whilst insane, saying once, in answer to a friend, "I am as mad now as I was formerly, and as mad then as I am now; that is to say, not mad at any time." A young gentleman, who, when at school, was incapable of getting through a simple sum in addition or multiplication, was found to have developed in an attack of mania, as soon as the more acute symptoms had subsided, a most extraordinary arithmetical power, solving complex problems with wonderful facility; but no sooner was he restored to health than he become as stupid and ignorant as before. The wife of a clergyman never known to be poetically gifted, improvised verses with astonishing rapidity towards evening during paroxysms of maniacal excitement with which she was affected; and the verses, transcribed by her nurse, were certainly far above mediocrity, but her powers of composition were gradually lost as she approached recovery. Sallies of keenest wit and bursts of impassioned eloquence are by no means uncommon in every assemblage of the insane. Preaching is a very commonly exercised talent, and very wonderful, original and eloquent discourses are sometimes delivered by the insane. But there is generally an insane side of this mental ability—a gentleman who wrote an able and philosophic treatise on "Original Sin," drawing up a curious will and testament wherein he left all his money to strangers and bequeathed his family his curse, for having endeavored to poison him; and many clever madmen ingeniously endeavoring, with Nathaniel Lee, to prove themselves sane and singularly gifted, and every one else mad and terribly jealous.—*Meliora.*

COBBETT'S COURTSHIP.—The celebrated William Cobbett, who became member for Oldham, was originally a private soldier in the English army, and served in America during the War of Independence. It was when quite a young man, and while quartered in New Brunswick, that Cobbett met the girl who became his wife. He first saw her in company for about an hour, one evening. Shortly afterwards, in the dead of Winter, when the snow lay several feet thick on the ground, he chanced in his walk at break of day to pass the house of her parents. It was hardly light, but there was she, out in the cold, scrubbing a wash-tub. That action made her mistress of Cobbett's heart forever. No sooner was he out of hearing than he exclaimed, "That's the girl for me"! She was the daughter of a Sergeant of artillery, and then only thirteen. To his intense chagrin, the artillery was ordered to England, and she had to go with her father. Cobbett by this time had managed to save one hundred and fifty guineas as a foot soldier—the produce of extra work. Considering that Woolwich, to which his sweetheart was bound, was a gay place, and that she there might find many suitors, who, moved by her beauty, might tempt her by their wealth, and unwilling that she should hurt herself with hard work, he sent her all his precious guineas, and prayed that she should use them freely, for he could get plenty more—to buy good clothes, and live in pleasant lodgings, and be as happy as she could until he was able to join her. Four long years elapsed before they met. Cobbett, when he reached England, found her a maid-of-all work, at five pounds a year! On their meeting, without saying a word about it, she placed in his hands the parcel of one hundred and fifty guineas unbroken. He obtained his discharge from the army, and married the brave and thrifty woman. She made him an admirable wife—never was he tired of speaking her praises; and whatever comfort and success he afterwards enjoyed, it was his delight to ascribe to her care and to her inspiration.

THE DRUSES.—The habits of the Druses differ very little from those of the people who surround them, be they Christians or Mussulmans; there are among them all the same feelings of reciprocal jealousies, the same desires for revenge, murder and plunder, the same tendencies to religious supremacy, the same vileness. It is not so with their religion, the mysteries of which are concealed under a thick veil. This faith, singular in its observance, has only one point analogous with that of the other Syrian nations—its fierce hatred of the faithful, which is only gratified by murder, and which force can scarcely repress. Other similitudes are but on the surface, for one of the articles of the Druse religion is always to appear to profess the faith of the person with whom converse is held. This accounts for their frequenting the churches or the mosques, as may happen. When a village does not contain a sufficient number of inhabitants to enable a school to be supported, the children are sent indiscriminately to Christians or Mussulmans, according to distance; preference is, however, given to the first. Their creed is carefully concealed from eyes profane, and the principal observances, those which might be called spiritual, are known only to a small number of the initiated. This religion has always been a matter for study and commentary: still every account has been incomplete, if not erroneous; and as insurmountable difficulties are still opposed to the obtaining of serious and true knowledge of the Druse theology, it seems probable that it will long remain a mystery. These sectarians never reveal any of their observances, and the limited number to whom the dogmas are imparted conceal them carefully, even if they understand them. One practice among the Druses, unknown in any other religion, is never to make proselytes—they repulse them; if they do condescend to admit any, it is only among the uninitiated, as, according to their belief, the souls of the newly converted must at their death return to those by whom they have been brought up. "The book is closed, the pen dry," they say in their mystical language. The religion of the Druses is a rude and degenerate daughter of islamism, with which she has nothing in common. Writers and historians err in representing it as a schism of Mohammedanism; an impassable abyss separates these two beliefs.—*Social Science Review.*

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

[The following is the Ode written by TENNYSON on the Royal marriage:]

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!

Saxon, and Norman, and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

Welcome her, thunders of fort and fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet!
Scatter the blossoms under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your Jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
Alexandra!

Sea-king's daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own;
For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman we,
Teuton, or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra.

[The following lines, for the National Air, were written by Rev. NEWMAN HALL.]

God save the Prince of Wales!
Long live the Prince of Wales!
God bless our Prince!
Bless